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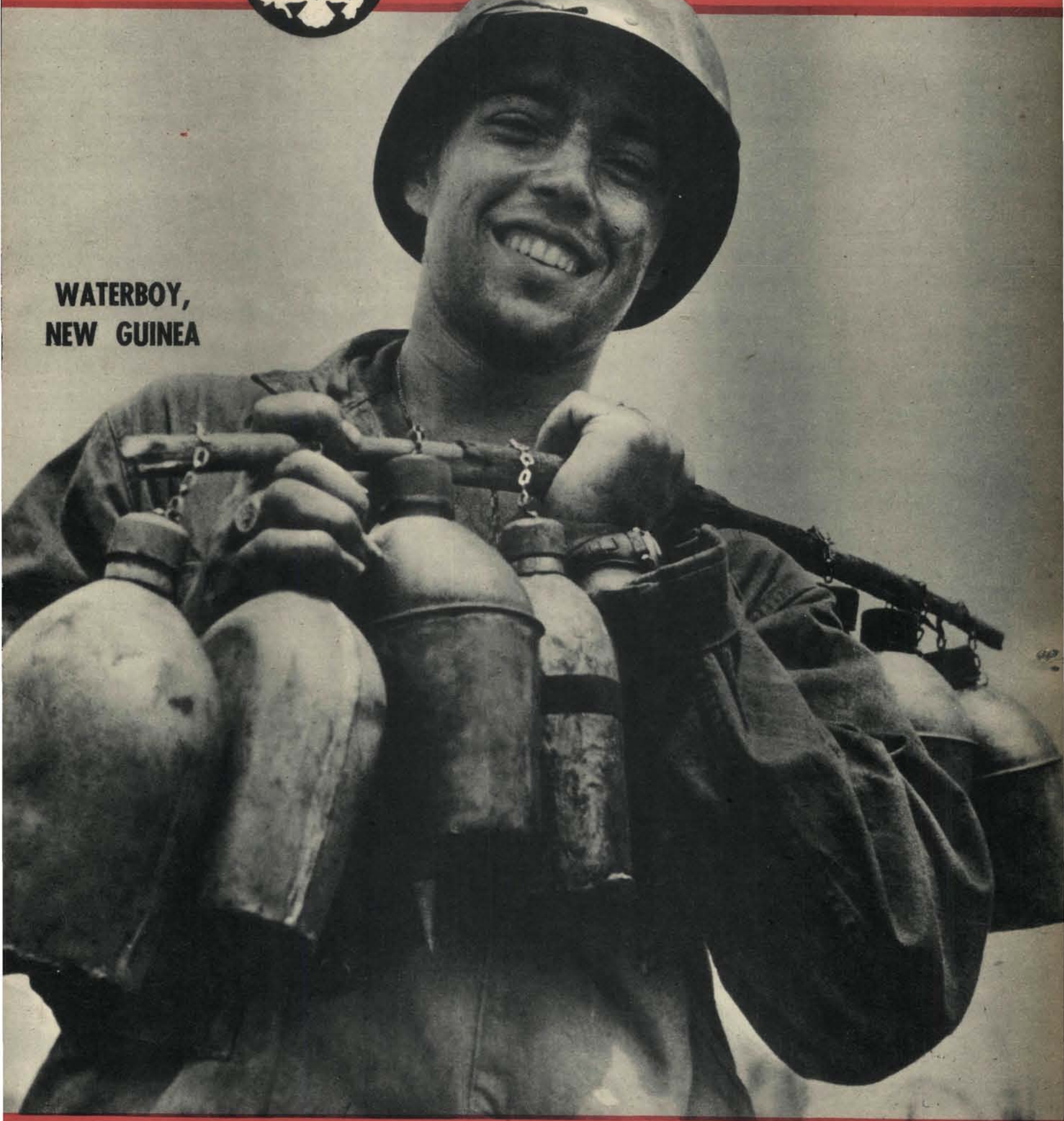
By the men . . . for the men in the service



WATERBOY, NEW GUINEA

GI Gangbusters Break Italian Black-Market Ring

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After Papa Sciotti had plied the GIs with wine, women and luxury, they were ready to work for his ring

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NAPLES, ITALY—They called him "Papa of the AWOLs." He worked on GIs in the crowded little *vino* shops of crime-ridden Naples.

"Whatcha drinkin', soldier?" he'd ask. "Cherry brandy? That stuff's poison. Come with me and I'll give you a bottle of good brandy."

Any fool knows how hard it is in Italy to get a bottle of something that will not rob you of your eyesight, your senses or the fillings in your teeth. So the thirsty GI would readily go with Papa, whose real name was Amadeo Sciotti, to his home. There, after a bottle or two had been put away, Papa Sciotti would ask: "Where are you going to sleep tonight? And, say, do you know any girls? I'll bring around a beautiful *signorina*."

The GI might or might not have had an overnight pass, but by this time he was in a mood for anything. All he could say was "*Si*."

Five or six days would pass this way, with Papa Sciotti playing the liberal host and furnishing wine, women and sumptuous quarters. By this time the GI had long overstayed his leave, but he had never had it so good, and he was beyond caring. Papa had fixed him up with everything, a forged special Naples pass, an organization pass and plenty of pocket money.

Then, after the first week had passed, Papa Sciotti would put a proposition to the GI. How would he like to drive a truckload of Allied goods out of the port and up into the hills behind Naples to some black-market caves there? The GI usually figured he was in so deep it didn't matter what he did, and he willingly played his part in the theft.

Today, thanks to T-5 James W. McCormack, once an advertising display man in the Bronx, N. Y., and Pfc. Albert F. Williamson, who worked in a paper-box factory in New York City, Papa Sciotti is where he belongs—behind bars. When these two members of the Special Investigation Squad of the MPs finally caught up with Sciotti, he had more than 20 AWOLs and deserters living with him and helping in his black-market activities. They were so well organized they had even elected their own noncoms and police details.

The Sciotti case is an example of the clever way in which Neapolitan black-market operators work. Naples is the university as well as the city of thieves. It was in Naples that the U. S. dumped its deported Italian-born criminals, and some of these gangsters "make Al Capone look like a pin boy," as Capt. Aime E. Borgers, chief agent of the Army's Criminal Investigation Department (CID) here, puts it.

Naples black-market operators have one of the biggest criminal rackets in history, rivaling the bootleg rings in prohibition days in the States. In April, 14 Allied Military Government (AMG) courts were busy trying more than 5,000 black-market cases here. Every day the courts collect

Goods recovered from black market are inventoried by MPs. L. to r.: S/Sgt. Jerry Collins, Pfc. Fred Williamson, Pfc. Conway Davenport, Pfc. Joe Greco.

Fat Luigi Piscitelli, rich farmer and cotton producer charged with helping to dispose of a truckload of Allied uniforms, weeps as he awaits sentence.

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GI GANGBUS

stigators in Italy
lack-market ring.

fines ranging from one million to 20 million *lire*. Responsible authorities estimate that one-fourth of all Allied goods and foodstuffs shipped into Naples eventually winds up on the black market.

When the initial Italian landings were made and DUKWs (amphibious trucks) were running freight into the beaches, there was little port security. That is when the bulk of Allied merchandise was stolen, giving the black market its first impetus.

Today it's not so easy. Tough-minded AMG courts are handing out stiff fines and jail sentences to black-market operators. There will always be a black market where great shortages exist among civilians, as in Naples. The price of black-market cigarettes has risen from 25 *lire* to 55 *lire*, and the cost of illegal flour has gone from 100 to 200 *lire* a kilo. But the activities of the market have definitely been curbed.

GI gangbusters are playing a big part in fighting the black market. Fourteen enlisted men in the Special Investigating Squad of the Military Police work day and night under 1st Lt. Roy E. Thompson, a veteran of 18 years of police work with the Los Angeles County sheriff's office. The Army's CID has 24 agents working on black-market cases, under Capt. Borgers, once of New York City's homicide squad.

And AMG has its own Black Market Control Unit, directed by big two-fisted Capt. Mathias F. Correa, former United States attorney for the Southern District of New York, who handled such famous cases as the first German spy ring uncovered in the U. S. and the Willie Bioff-George Browne extortion deal. Capt. Correa also has charge of prosecuting black-market criminals. In his Black Market Control Unit he has more than 100 Italian investigators and a small GI staff headed by Lt. Harold Lipsius, Philadelphia (Pa.) criminal lawyer, and S/Sgt. Anthony N. Livoti, for seven years assistant district attorney of Queens County, New York, before he took a leave of absence to join the Army.

In May one of the first big black-market operators got a five-year sentence for a deal involving a truckload of Allied military uniforms. He was 62-year-old Luigi Piscitelli, fabulously weathy farmer and a director of Italy's biggest cotton combine. He is supposed to be one of the men who financed Mussolini's original march on Rome. There were five charges against him, the principal one being that he conspired to sell a truckload of stolen Allied uniforms for 900,000 *lire*, splitting a profit of 160,000 *lire*. The trial lasted three weeks, and Piscitelli wept before the sentence was handed down.

There is a lot of money behind some of these black-market gangs. When T-5 McCormack led one operator to think that he was just posing as an MP for shake-down purposes, he was offered a bribe of $15,000 a month to aid in the delivery of stolen cigarettes. GI drivers have been offered as much as $800 to take a truckload of flour from Foggia, Italy's bread basket, to Naples.

Favorite trick of the gangsters is to transport stolen flour in the huge black horse-drawn hearses after funeral hours. At Aversa, the CID caught the operators using cemetery tombs for black-market warehouses. Pants, socks and 136 OD shirts were recovered there.

Turning military uniforms into civilian clothes has been a big black-market business. So far the CID has uncovered and put out of operation seven cleaning and dyeing plants that did nothing else—five in Naples, one in Pazzoula and one in Bagnoli. Neapolitan tailors, among the best in the world, could restyle Army overcoats into handsome civilian garments and make attractive ladies' suits out of Army blankets. A dip in the dye pot and they would be unrecognizable as military garments, unless the material were examined closely. The tailors even took GI woolen hats, dyed them maroon and sold them as Eastern bonnets to Neapolitan belles.

Flour is the biggest black-market item; people must have bread. Italians, long accustomed to brown flour, will pay a good price for American white flour on the black market. There has been some trouble with civilian bakers who sometimes forget to bake for a day, thereby conserving enough flour to make black-market bread that sells for 33 *lire* a loaf.

The black-market operator who can steal or bribe someone to steal a truckload of flour will collect in advance for a sack of flour from each of, say, 70 customers. He will tell these customers to be at an isolated spot, usually a bombed-out area, at 0300 or 0400 hours. At the appointed time, the truck driver will pull up at the place and honk his horn. The customers will leap on the truck and take their flour, then disperse in every direction, and in five minutes the transaction will be complete and the truck gone.

The CID has already confiscated more than 15,000,000 *lire* and an equally large amount of Allied property from the criminals, and the MPs have just as impressive a record. They broke up the Mimi gang, one of Italy's biggest, and jailed 22 men. Currently on trial in AMG court are 11 Italians, including Esposito (Jimmy the Gimp) Salvatore, the alleged leader, charged with disposing of a truckload of black-market sugar. Caught with the goods after a shooting affray in which a CID agent was wounded, the truck driver pleaded guilty, but the others professed innocence. (American sugar is a very important black-market item; Italian sugar resembles sand.)

Armed guards frequently have been posted on GI trucks as a defense against black-market criminals, who tear up roads in isolated areas, forcing vehicles to slow down, and then leap aboard and hijack the supplies.

Sgt. Carmelo Costa of Hackensack, N. J., who has been with the MPs' Special Investigating Squad for 16 months, was nosing around the Naples waterworks one day recently when he noticed some suspicious-looking cases in a shed. They turned out to be cigarettes — 95 cases of them, 50 cartons to a case. The men who stole them have been jailed.

Many of these black-market criminals terrorize the Italian civilians. When the MPs arrested one Costantino Lombardi, confiscating 39,700 *lire* and 67,000 *lire* worth of jewelry he had stolen, his neighbors, many of whom he had intimidated, lined the streets and cheered. Lombardi once had a long criminal record in the States and was deported.

THINGS are definitely looking black for the black-marketeers today. No longer can their customers be sure of what they are getting. More and more frequently cases have been reported of people buying what purported to be sacks of flour, cartons of cigarettes or even C rations. But when they got their purchases home and opened them up, inside the cleverly camouflaged containers they found nothing but tightly packed dirt.

Incidentally, anyone who purchases from the black market can be prosecuted just as readily as the thieves themselves. The charge: illegal possession of Allied property.

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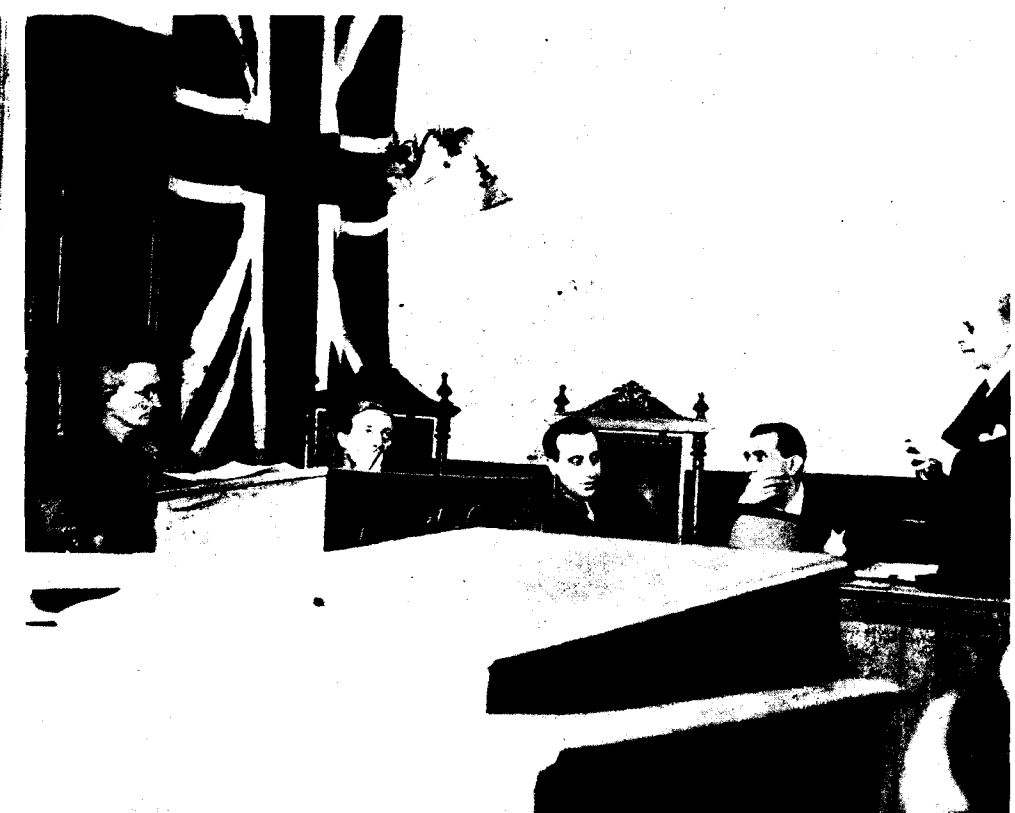
Only one of these men on trial for illegal possession of Army sugar, has pleaded guilty. An investigator was wounded in the attempt to capture them.



Piscitelli's defense attorney winds up three-week trial with plea for light sentence for his client, who was found guilty and imprisoned for five years.

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Burma

They weren't trained at Fort Knox, but these amateurs who manned the first General Shermans in the CBI put up a tough fight against the Japs.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN BURMA—A bunch of GIs in dirty fatigues squeezed into their General Shermans at 0730 one gray Saturday morning during the battle down the Mogaung Valley. Within an hour they would be the first American tank outfit ever to fight the Japs in the China-Burma-India theater. Yet they had about as much tank training behind them as the average Armored Force rookie gets in a couple of weeks at Fort Knox, Ky.

In the command tank, *Tojo's Hearse*, Cpl. Robert Bridges of York Village, Maine, the driver, switched on the engines and throttled them to a deafening roar that set the whole tank a-throbbing. Apparently satisfied, he grinned and nudged me. I was going along as bow gunner in place of a sick man.

"Wait till the Japs get a load of that baby up there!" he shouted in my ear. A couple of feet over our heads jutted the black barrel of a 75-mm gun, mounted in the top turret. It would be a surprise for the Japs, all right, considering that all they had faced for six weeks was a Chinese outfit of dinky light tanks armed with 37-mm guns. The Japs had knocked this armor silly with everything from magnetic mines and Molotov cocktails to 150-mm shells. Our mediums could take more of a pounding and pack more of a punch.

We adjusted crash helmets and strapped on throat mikes for intertank communication. I opened a metal box of machine-gun ammunition to place in the feeding rack beside my gun.

Over the earphones at exactly 0745 crackled the voice of 1st Lt. Richard P. Doran of Vandalia, Ill., our tank commander and CO of the outfit. He told Bridges to start the tank rolling.

With a lurch *Tojo's Hearse* started forward. Shouldering its way out of the jungle dispersal area, the tank rumbled down the rutted road toward the front a few miles away. Behind us the other tanks emerged and fell in line.

A heavy rain the night before had laid the dust. Now it wouldn't get all over us and our guns; more important, it wouldn't billow above our column to tip off our position to Jap artillery spotters in the hills above us.

Just three weeks before, a call had been issued for volunteers to man some brand-new General Sherman tanks just arrived at a seaport in India. There were no Armored Force troops in the CBI, but many GIs who had spent monotonous months as mechanics or bulldozer operators or ordnancemen jumped at the chance to see action. So did some of their officers.

For most of these men, it was the first time they had ever seen the inside of a tank. They had scarcely arrived at the Indian seaport to see what a General Sherman looked like when they and their tanks were shipped by rail to Assam in northern India. From there they drove the tanks down the Ledo Road and into northern Burma, where they reported to Col. Rothwell Brown of Miami, Fla., commander of Lt. Gen. Joe Stilwell's tank units. He needed the men at once, so he rushed them through a week's intensive training a few miles behind the front.

Basic training over, Col. Brown was asked to use his tanks to spearhead an attack on the native village of Inkangahtawng, where the Japs had blocked Stilwell's Chinese forces for several days. The Japs were dug in on the thickly jungled bank of the Pangyu River, north of the village, with plenty of stuff concentrated on the approaches—47-mm antitank guns, machine guns, mortars, 75s and a couple of 150s.

The General Shermans would have to do the softening up of Jap positions, aided by artillery and fighter-bombers, before the rest of the tanks and the Chinese infantry could cross the river.

We bypassed the rickety little truck bridges that spanned the streams, taking the tanks through the water so the bridges wouldn't cave in under their 32-ton weight.

Soon we passed American armored bulldozers, bearing machine guns and clearing away the brush on either side of what was then the farthest extremity of the Ledo Road—a few hundred yards from the Japs. Trudging past the bulldozers in single file was a column of unsmiling, battle-worn Chinese infantrymen, heading toward the front. These were some of the lads who would go into the attack behind us today.

Lt. Doran radioed all tanks to pull off to the right of the road and fall into wedge formation behind *Tojo's Hearse*. As the tanks maneuvered into position, we looked south across a barren stretch of ground about a half-mile square. This had once been a field of 12-foot-high elephant grass; Chinese phosphorescent shells had leveled it to blackened ankle-high stubble, dotted with a few charred trees and bushes. Down at the south end of the field was a fringe of dense jungle—the bank of the river where the Japs were waiting.

"TANK commanders, tank commanders," yelled Lt. Doran over the radio. "No air support this morning because of visibility. Button up all hatches. Load all guns. Okay, let's go."

We jerked the levers that lowered our bucket seats to the floor. Reaching up, we slammed the hatches shut and secured them. As lights flicked on within our tank, I threaded the end of my ammunition belt through the machine-gun receiver and pulled back on the bolt twice to throw a shell into the chamber. At 0830 hours the tanks started bumping across the blackened field.

While we sped forward I searched the area ahead through the periscope. Off to our left a line of khaki-clad figures in British helmets moved at a half-crouch through a gulley. That was the point platoon of Chinese infantry. Lt. Doran gave orders to the other tanks to change formation from a wedge to a line.

At 0845, just as I had reached the end of a swing with the bow gunner's periscope, there was a flash off to the right, about 50 yards from us, and a cloud of smoke mushroomed up, speckled with falling earth. Looking under it, I spotted a shell hole. Then there was another flash and another cloud of smoke close by. The Japs were ranging in their 75s on us.

Only 100 yards ahead of us now was the fringe of jungle marking the riverbank. *Tojo's Hearse* stopped to direct the operation. The other tanks crawled past us on either side and wide on our flanks. On our left a tank advanced to within 60 yards of the jungle, and then a yellow flame flashed from its 75-mm gun barrel. Dirty gray smoke drifted around her turret. Through the thick steel of our tank we could hear the dull boom. All the tanks started shooting except ours and No. 5. We'd get our chance later.

Ahead and all around us shells were exploding. We saw them flash and smoke on the ground and in the trees. Tracers from the tanks darted into the jungle. On the right of us *Patsy Ann*, commanded by 2d Lt. R. W. Field of Benicia, Calif., wheeled broadside to the river to maneuver closer to the bank. As she did so we noticed tracers hitting her, coming—to our amazement—from behind us.

"Who the hell's shooting at No. 3?" shouted Lt. Doran over the radio to other tank commanders. At that time the rest of us in *Tojo's Hearse* couldn't catch the reply. Later we learned the reason for the shooting.

When *Patsy Ann* had gone in on the right

Now that the battle is over, the tankers of *Tokyo Bar*, commanded by bareheaded Sgt. Yee, can joke abou the shellhole a Jap 47 put through their 75. Every one of the Shermans was hit from three to 12 time

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flank, she ran over a mine, which exploded and slightly damaged one of the treads. Then, unknown to any of the crew, a Jap leaped off the ground and climbed on the back of the tank. Right behind *Patsy Ann* was *Tokyo Limited*, commanded by 2d Lt. Leo Giladett of Binghamton, N. Y. The Jap pulled a sandbag off the back of the tank, where several had been piled to prevent magnetic mines from sticking, and began to put a magnetic mine in its place. Pvt. Bernard E. Nelson of McCook, Nebr., bow gunner in *Tokyo Limited*, spotted him. Nelson's tracers were the ones we saw hitting *Patsy Ann*. The Jap tumbled off the tank, dead.

"DON'T stop too long in one place," yelled Lt. Doran over the radio to the other tanks. "Keep moving! Keep moving! Don't let those 47s get a bead on you."

The whole area in which we were fighting appeared through the periscope to be filled with smoke. The Japs probably were checking their artillery range with smoke shells. The tanks moved around slowly—wheeling, stopping, shooting and starting again.

Patsy Ann, the tank that had had the Jap passenger on her back for a while, seemed to be the busiest of all. Her crew had spotted a Jap 47-mm antitank gun through an opening in the jungle. The Japs manning the gun were standing up in plain view as they fired. The 47 and an American 75-mm only 45 yards away began firing at each other at the same time. Pvt. Charles H. Ring of Terre Haute, Ind., gunner of the 75, missed the Japs with his first shell. The loader, T-5 Charles J. Schreiber of Philadelphia, Pa., shoved another shell into the breech, but not until the Japs had bounced three shells off the tank. Ring aimed his 75 again and put his second shell right smack into the gun emplacement. Others of *Patsy Ann's* crew saw pieces of the 47 and her crew in the air during the explosion.

"Tank No. 5, tank No. 5," Lt. Doran yelled over the radio. He waited a few moments as the dull booms of explosions and muzzle blasts echoed over the roar of the engine. "Tank No. 5, tank No. 5," he yelled again with more urgency in his voice. Still no answer. "Please, tank No. 5, answer me," he pleaded. "Please, for God's sake, answer me! Where are you? Come up beside me."

Behind us all the time, tank No. 5 could neither hear Lt. Doran nor reply. Her radio was out. But by this time No. 5's commander Sgt. A. K. Yee of Phoenix, Ariz., figured he was supposed to move up, and he did. Yee, a Chinese-American, was the only enlisted man in command of a tank. As his *Tokyo Bar* came up alongside us: Lt. Doran ordered the other tanks to withdraw and cover our advance. It was time for *Tojo's Hearse* and *Tokyo Bar* to deal out a little lead.

Slowly we edged closer to the fringe of jungle. Over my earphones I heard Lt. Doran order our gunner, Cpl. Paul R. Loughman of Newark, Ohio, to "fire one." There was a dull report as Loughman's 75 went off. It sounded something like a muffled clap of thunder.

In the turret above, Pvt. Frank J. Tesh of Greensboro, N. C., the loader, threw another HE shell into the 75. Loughman swung the barrel, altered the elevation slightly and fired again.

Suddenly two shellbursts flared up only 10 to 15 yards in front of *Tojo's Hearse*. They were 47-mm shells, judging by the holes in the ground. I stared at the holes with a detached sort of terror, as though I were in a darkened movie house watching a news reel of the Battle of Stalingrad. This sense of detachment was caused by the dullness of the explosions and the comforting walls of steel. Then came familiar symptoms of fear—sweaty palms, butterflies in the belly and tenseness in every muscle.

Bridges nudged me, starting me out of a daze. "Go on and fire," he said. My hand had been on the machine gun for half an hour without pulling the trigger. I pointed at the periscope, shrugged and yelled: "Don't see any Japs."

"Fire anyway," replied Bridges. "Fire low all through that brush ahead." I peered through the periscope and pulled the trigger, adjusting my bursts until they disappeared in the green jungle only a short distance above the ground.

After a few minutes the trigger clicked. The gun was out of ammunition. I shoved another box into the rack and threaded the ammunition belt through the gun. Just as I did so, the machine gun leaped out of my hands; the steel wall in front of me shivered and echoed with sound.

"We've been hit," someone yelled over the earphones. A 47-mm shell had burst on the front of the tank. But the machine gun still worked. The shell was probably an HE instead of an armor-piercing. Jap bullets pinged all over the front of the tank.

Swinging the periscope and keeping the machine gun firing, I witnessed a strange sight slightly to the right of us in the jungle ahead. A ball of fire arched out of the brush, looking just like a Roman candle on the Fourth of July.

Bridges saw it, too. "Antitank gun!" he yelled. I trained the tracers on the spot where the ball of fire seemed to have come from. Another ball arched up. I kept pouring in bursts of tracers until Loughman put three shells on the spot. No more Roman candles came out of there.

Yee's gunners in *Tokyo Bar* were dueling with another antitank gun as our tank started backing up to rejoin the rest of the outfit. Shellbursts flared around the tank one instant, and Yee's 75 boomed out a reply the next. The Japs won the duel when a 47-mm shell made a neat little hole in the barrel of Yee's 75, just back of the muzzle.

LT. DORAN ordered all our tanks to withdraw so the Chinese-manned tanks could begin their pounding. As we wheeled and headed north we saw the Chinese infantrymen digging holes, crouching in gulleys, watching nearby shellbursts with a calm sort of curiosity, and carrying out their wounded on stretchers. One of the wounded had been hit in the stomach; he seemed to be holding his guts together with both hands as he was jounced along by the litter-bearers.

The tanks recrossed the blackened field to a rendezvous point. At 0945 we opened our hatches and climbed stiffly into daylight. Then for the first time I realized I had been ankle deep in empty machine-gun shells—three belts of them. The crews compared hits, discovering every tank had been hit from three to 12 times. But the damage was slight and nobody was hurt.

We could hear the other tanks, manned by Chinese, pounding away furiously at the Jap positions, but we knew they couldn't cross the river today. The Japs had too much in that spot, 10 of their 47-mm guns covering an area only 200 yards wide and supported with all kinds of other stuff. That's why this was the toughest country in the world for tank warfare; the Japs knew the tanks had to stick to narrow stretches of open country between the hills and the jungles. They could concentrate plenty of lead on these stretches. There was no element of surprise, no room to maneuver.

The first American tank outfit to fight the Japs in Burma had failed to accomplish its mission. But the crews had learned a lot. Three days later Lt. Doran and his amateurs, using close air support and hitting the riverbank from a new angle, led a drive that captured Inkangahtawng.

There was even talk that the Armored Force would adopt the outfit and let it wear shoulder patches like the guys who trained at Fort Knox.

This is Pvt. Nelson, a tank gunner, who spotted a Jap planting a mine on another tank and killed him.

The crew of *Tojo's Hearse* comes up for air. In driver's seat: Cpl. Bridges. On top: Cpl. Loughman, 75-mm gunner, and Pvt. Tesh, loader. Absent: Lt. Doran and YANK's Sgt. Richardson, bow gunner, who took photo.

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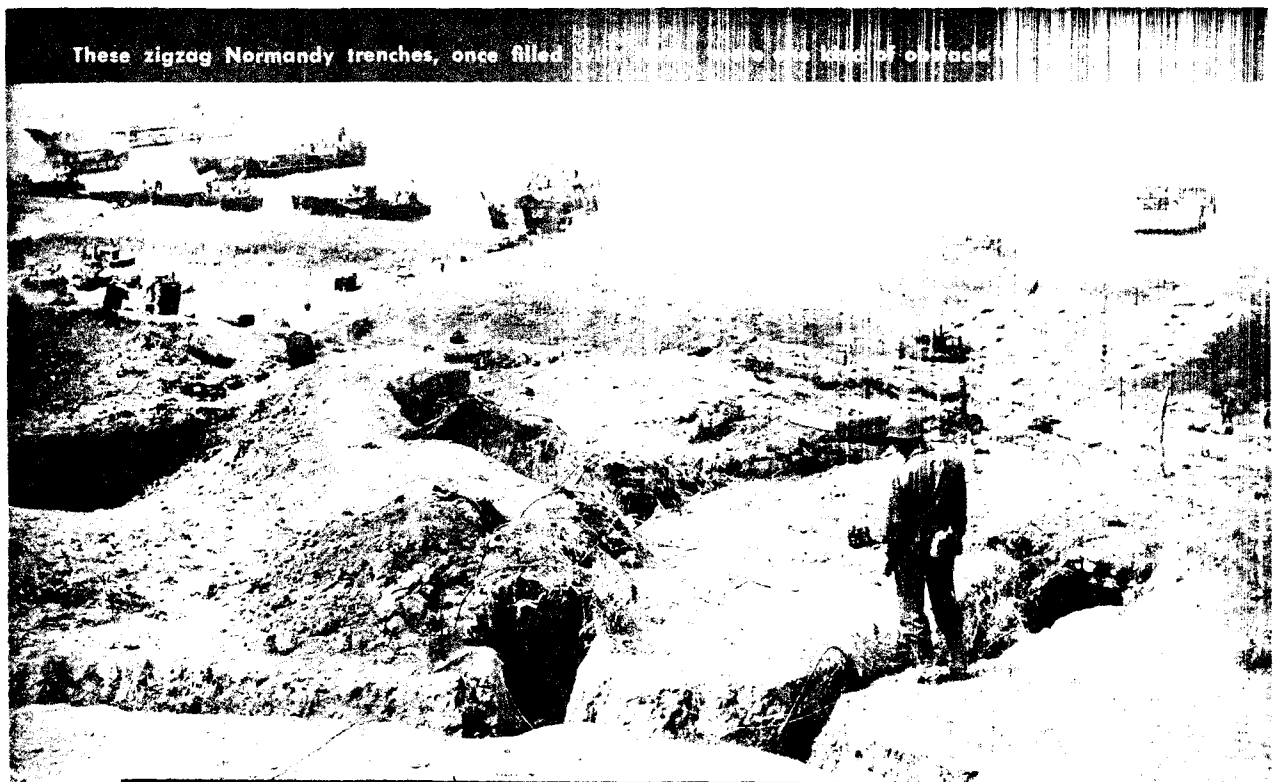

These zigzag Normandy trenches, once filled [illegible] of obstacle

Normandy Notes

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. TROOPS IN FRANCE [By Cable]—D Day for my outfit was a long, dull 24-hour wait. We spent the whole day marooned in the middle of the English Channel, sunbathing, sleeping and watching the action miles away on the shore through binoculars. We could hear the quick roars and see the greenish-white flashes of light as Allied battleships and cruisers shelled the pillboxes and other German installations on the beach.

On D-plus-one we took off for shore. Four Messerschmitts dove down to strafe the landing craft as we headed in, but a Navy gunner drove them off with a beautiful burst of ack-ack.

The broad flat beachhead was a scene of well-organized chaos. Trucks, bulldozers and jeeps drove over the dunes in steady streams. The jeeps had the worst of it. A lot of them were stranded the minute they took off from the landing craft. All the drivers could do was to wait helplessly on the beach for the next low tide.

There were hundreds of German prisoners waiting on the beach to be taken off in LSTs and transported to England. They had been told that they would have to wade to the ships, so some of them were stripped naked and squatting gloomily on their haunches on the cold damp beach. The prisoners were almost all either older men — the solidly built, hairy types—or slender downy-faced boys, some appearing not older than 13 or 14. Their American MP guards kept the lines moving right along, occasionally jeering: "Well, so you're the master race."

There were still plenty of dogfights overhead the day that we landed. Once a Thunderbolt pilot bailed out right over us. His plane came screaming down, hit the water line and burst into flames a few feet away from the line of trucks. Out at sea there were still mine explosions.

The day before, things had been twice as hot. Pfc. Thor Youngberg of Chicago, Ill., and Pvt. William Daly of Brooklyn, N.Y., landed by sea several hours after H Hour. The German pillboxes had been put out of commission long before they hit the beach, they told me, but they were pinned down for hours by rocket guns located in an inland orchard.

I SPENT my first night in a German entrenchment along the dunes and early next morning got a lift in a jeep to the command post. All the open fields along the road were lavishly planted with tall stakes, indicating the Germans had expected Allied gliders and paratroopers to land there. We also saw plenty of signs reading *"Achtung! Minen* (Beware of the mines)," with death's-heads painted on them to emphasize the meaning.

The command post was located in a large yellow-stone farmhouse. Life in the CP looked like a fairly settled GI existence compared with what we had seen on the way up. A message center was in full swing in what had been a wine cellar. Artillery headquarters had set up its walkie-talkies in the stable. One Yank had even opened a barber shop out under the apple trees.

At headquarters I met Capt. Charles Margulies, a tall, friendly young man with a small patch of clotted blood over one eyebrow. He had come over to France with the first U.S. Army surgical group ever to land by glider in any combat zone. The other officers in the group were Maj. A. Crandall of Burlington, Vt.; Capt. O. Van Gorder of Westwood, N. J.; Capt. J. Rodda of Portland, Oreg.; Capt. S. Dworking of St. Louis, Mo., and Capt. C. Yearly of Oklahoma.

Capt. Margulies offered to drive me to a section of the front line where there were a good many wounded who had to be evacuated as quickly as possible. When we reached the large field near the end of the road where these men were waiting, we found them in no mood for medics. They wanted to see tanks.

The firing grew louder and louder around us, and finally we all took cover in a grassy ditch by the roadside. Then came a long half-hour of lying on our stomachs. It was a very bright clear afternoon, and the feeling of heat and discom-

You can work up a powerful thirst pushing your way into France. This American is doing something about it.

What Hitler means when he talks about his legions: one day's haul of Nazis, bound for England and prison.

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...ening on the hood of Gen. Montgomery's Humber touring car in Normandy, Lt. Gen. Bradley maps a drive.

fort increased as we became more and more aware of the sun on our backs and necks and on the thick gasproof OD clothing.

When the firing eased up, we took four wounded men back with us to a hospital, located in a large and handsome manor house. The wounded were methodically laid out on stretchers in the courtyard, with paper tags giving their names and the nature of their wounds.

Many of the wounded here were paratroopers who had dropped into France the night before D Day. Most of them had fought for four days without relief; all they wanted to do now was lie in the sun, bedding down in their own exhaustion.

LATER in the afternoon I returned to the CP and made myself a comfortable berth in a hayloft. The man occupying the hay next to me was a paratroop officer from Wisconsin, a pleasant young man with steel-rimmed glasses. He'd been having a tough time since the eve of D Day.

The plane carrying the officer and the men who were going to jump with him had lost touch with its formation because of the overcast and had started heading back for England. The officer managed to jump anyway. After landing, he took some time to cut himself free from the silk. Later he came across some of the other chutes but wasn't able to locate any of his companions.

He decided to walk in an easterly direction, hoping to run into some Americans sooner or later. Instead he met up with a German. As he tells it: "We both hesitated a moment, and then I shot him in the belly. Later I ran into a lot more Germans. They started to throw hand grenades at me and I finally surrendered."

The Germans doctored his wounds and did not treat him badly. A German captain, wearing the uniform of an enlisted man, apologized for his appearance, saying he had not expected the Americans to come as soon as they did. He and his men took the paratroop officer's possessions, including his chemical-warfare equipment, invasion currency and compass, but not his watch.

Later, when American tanks arrived on the scene, the Germans gave him a gun and told him to shift for himself. Eventually he wound up in a field hospital. Among the wounded prisoners there he recognized the same Germans who had been his captors a few hours before.

ONE of the field hospitals in this part of France, among the first set up by the Americans, has already been very effectively destroyed by German bombers. The hospital was located in an old French chateau, dating back to the fifteenth century. Now it has been brought drastically up to date by a delayed-action bomb that landed in back of the main building and dug a crater 70 feet across and 40 feet deep.

When the Americans took over the chateau, they set up operating theaters in the main building and laid out the German and American wounded in the great stone courtyard out in front. They spread out an enormous Red Cross flag in the center of the courtyard, and this probably was of some help to the German bombers when they zeroed in their target.

Members of the French family that had occupied the chateau were now busy climbing over the great heaps of rubble, trying to sort out their own family effects from the various layers of GI litter—gas masks, musette bags, paper-back copies of Damon Runyon, life preservers. One Frenchman was trying to fit some paratrooper boots on his feet. New shoes and clothing cost thousands of *francs*, he said, and even then they could only be bought on the German-controlled black market. He asked us for news of the *Richelieu* and the other French warships that had fled from the Germans to North Africa and later had steamed to New York to be refitted. As a merchant seaman, he himself had touched New York once.

FROM the hospital we drove out to a small farm within sight of a town that had been under Allied fire for several days but had not surrendered. All along the route we passed signs of fighting: gliders twisted around trees, abandoned tanks, dead horses and cows stinking in the field.

When we reached the farm, we had a good look at the town through binoculars. The Americans were taking their time about shelling it; a city reduced to rubble is sometimes easier to defend and harder to capture than one that is still standing. Also there was a hospital the Americans wanted to avoid hitting if possible. Meanwhile the Navy was standing by, ready to shell the town if it couldn't be captured any other way.

Early next morning the town was captured after steady artillery fire, and by noon things were fairly well organized. In the open square, Civil Affairs officers of the U. S. Army were waiting to meet the new mayor. The old mayor had died several days before, but no one seemed quite sure whether he was a casualty of the bombardment or had passed away of natural causes.

The Civil Affairs officers and enlisted men were mainly concerned with keeping the town open and operative as a military center. There was a railway line running directly inland through the town, and this was its principal importance. But the Civil Affairs people were not issuing any proclamations; the French were to be allowed to govern their town as much as possible. So far they had been anxious to prove their loyalty to the Allies.

One old man led a very excited group of Frenchmen to the Civil Affairs committee. The Frenchmen had found an underground telephone in the post office, installed and used by the Germans to keep in touch with the coast. The telephone had been cut off, but the Frenchmen still wanted the Americans to know about it.

APART from that excitement, life went on relatively smoothly in the midst of the havoc. There were about 10 or 12 policemen still on duty, and although two-thirds of the population had fled to the country to escape the bombardment, the town's streets were not deserted.

There were French civilians lining up to have their pictures taken by Signal Corps photographers; there were GIs sprawled against the walls of buildings and lunching on K rations and cognac; there was a young paratroop lieutenant playing with the dogtags of 10 Germans he and his outfit had killed; there were scores of other paratroopers all over the place, their faces streaked with light-green dust, sweat and black paint.

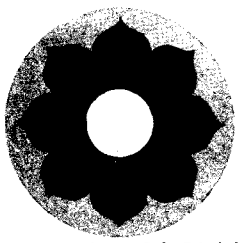
Several times as we walked through the streets we heard the light singing sound that made us throw ourselves to the ground. There were quite a few fires in town, but the local fire brigade had them well in hand. As the firemen bent over the pumps, their bronze helmets flashed in the sun.

About 2100 hours I went to the message center to hear the latest news over the radio. We tuned in just at the tail end of the broadcast, however, and then the announcer said: "We now bring you Fibber McGee and Molly." We all groaned.

Outside the night was loud with the continuous crackle and roar of artillery fire. A paratrooper who had seen three days of steady action sighed: "If only I had a New York newspaper right now, I'd really know how the war was coming along."

Fighting in the rapidly shifting Cherbourg deal, GIs wished they knew which side was winning it.

9th Division Cuts Peninsula



THE veteran American 9th Division from Fort Bragg, N. C., received official credit for breaking through to the west coast of the Cherbourg Peninsula and cutting off more than 25,000 Germans from the main body of enemy troops in France. The 9th Division scored this first big victory of the Normandy campaign after the drive to isolate Cherbourg had been started by the 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions and the 4th Division.

The 9th, whose insignia's shown above, took most of its early training at Fort Bragg under Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, now commander of U. S. forces in the Mediterranean. Under Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, it landed in Morocco during the North African invasion, fought at Maknassy and was the first infantry division to enter Bizerte. It also fought at Troina and Randazzo in Sicily as part of the II Corps of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's U. S. Seventh Army.

This Week's Cover

SERVICE with a smile, says Cpl. Louis (Gunga Din) Cziperle, as he totes a bunch of water-filled canteens to his thirsty comrades on Hollandia, Netherlands New Guinea. Louis would prefer the kind of water they have to drink back in his home town, East Chicago, Ind.—but there's a war in the way.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2 & 3—Sgt. John Frano. 4 & 5—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 6—Top & bottom, Acme; center, Signal Corps. 7—PA. 8—Sketch by Cpl. Bill Lauritzen from photo by Kaufmann-Fabry. 9—Sgt. John Bushemi. 10—Lower left, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Mediterranean Allied Air Forces. 14—T/Sgt. Vincent Kaminski. 18—Upper, AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla.; lower, Signal Corps. 19—Upper left & lower right, Acme; upper right, WW; center right, Signal Corps. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, Pfc. George Burns; lower, Acme.

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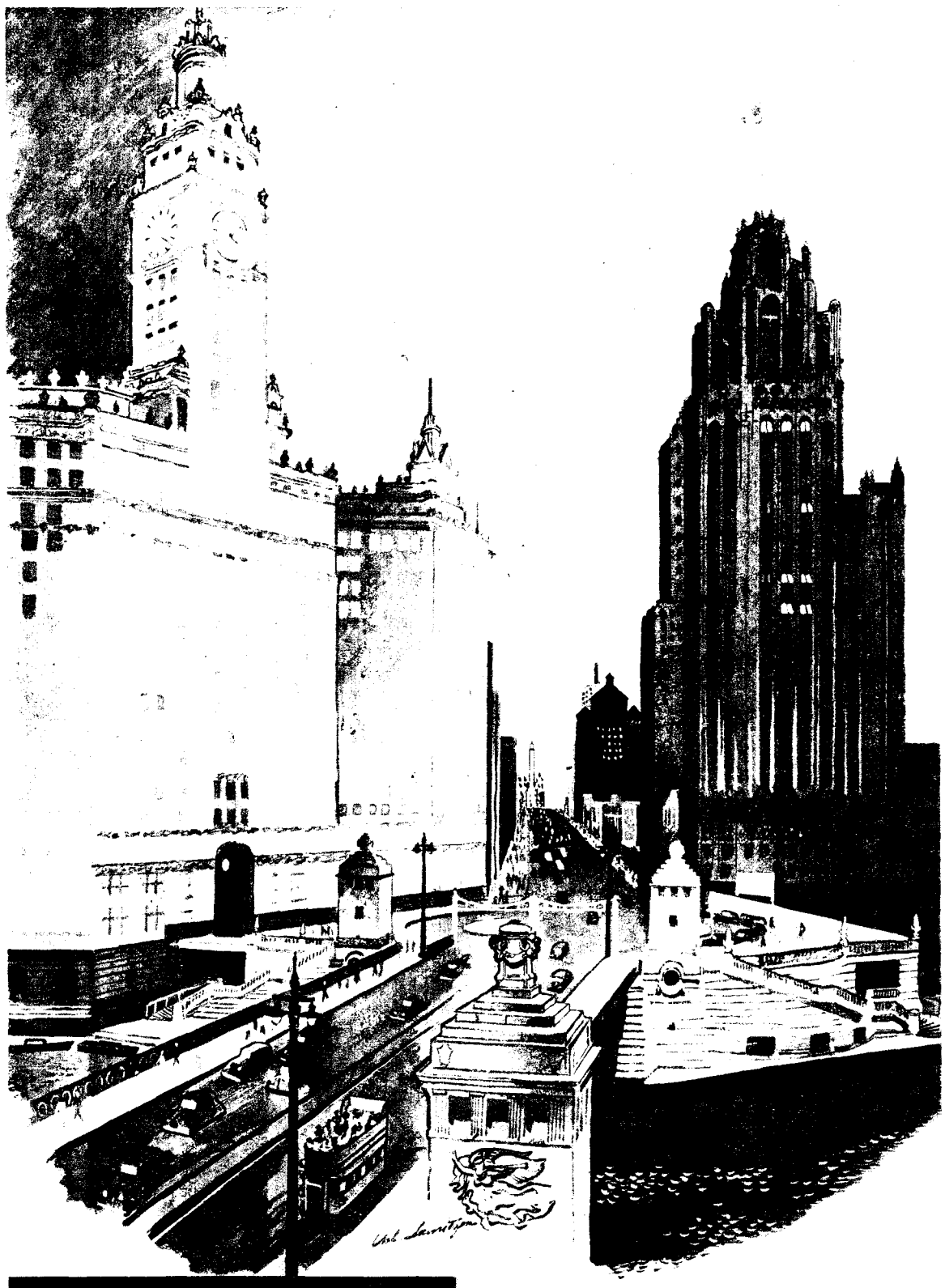

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

CHICAGO, Ill.

By Pfc. DALE KRAMER

CHICAGO, ILL.—Report to a quarter-million GIs from Chicago: it is still Chicago, only more so.

Carl Sandburg described it as "stormy, husky, brawling." Double that. Nerves are taut with war tension. Hard work adds to the strain and increases the tempo. People walk faster in the streets. Stampedes for surface cars, elevated trains and the new subway are more chaotic than ever. In the hurrying crowds (half a million new residents have moved in to man the war plants) are old men returned to work harness, young boys in war jobs while awaiting call to the armed forces, wives and mothers and sweethearts hurrying to the factories.

The city relaxes with a bang. Everyone, not least the GI who hits the town on leave, wants his entertainment quick and rugged. At night a sustained roar rises from the cafes and night-clubs of Randolph Street, Wilson Avenue, Rush Street, upper Broadway, Sixty-third Street, Madison above Twelfth, Calumet City. Old residents say that 20 walk on Randolph Street's White Way where one walked before. The acre-big dance halls—the Aragon on the North Side, the Trianon on the South Side, the O. Henry out on Archer Road—are crammed.

In one way, though, the town is more like the old days than when most of its GIs left. The lights are on again—or most of them. But the powerful beacon that used to sweep the skies from the Palmolive Building remains dark; they haven't turned the floodlights on the white-slabbed Wrigley Building and at night the Buckingham Fountain is only a dismal ghost of its former self.

Physically, Chicago's major development has been the mushroom growth of its 270 war plants. The city hopes its great new airplane factories will help to make it the aviation center of the nation after the war. But the chief civic event was the opening of the six-mile length of subway between Roosevelt Road and Fullerton Avenue last fall. It is a handsome subway—worthy, what there is of it, to be matched in bull session against the gloomy stretches underneath New York. The trains get up a creditable speed, considering the relatively short distance between stations. The white-tiled walls with blue trimmings glisten brilliantly under the lights. Station platforms, two levels below ground (stores will cut in at the first level), are connected with the street by escalators.

The tracks run under State Street from Roosevelt Road to Division, west on Division, then diagonally northwest to connect with the El at Fullerton. Stations are at Congress, Jackson, Monroe-Madison, Randolph-Lake, Grand, Chicago and Clark. Sometimes pedestrians escape bad weather by going underground and walking on the continuous six-block platform that stretches under State from Jackson to Lake. It costs them a dime, though, just the same as subway fare.

Though most of the population welcomed the subway—after decades of talk it had become a sort of folk myth—not everyone was happy. In fact, some North Side residents were soon definitely and audibly unhappy. The reason was the difficulty they had getting to the west side of the Loop. Instead of taking them around the Loop as before, their trains whipped them under State and they had to walk a couple of extra blocks or more, which upset their schedules. Finally they figured out a more or less satisfactory solution by taking the local train from Fullerton or the express from Ravenswood that stays above ground in the rush periods.

THE Loop is jammed with GIs. Chicago being a great transportation center and close to large Army and Navy training stations, it doubtless will continue to be for quite a while. Yet curiously enough it is the departure of certain familiar accouterments of the military that has made Chicagoans realize how deeply we are in the war. They had grown accustomed to the sight of aviation cadets doing push-ups in Grant Park, the narrow strips of shore between the lake and Michigan Avenue. Fancy-stepping marines with flashing bayonets had drilled there, too. Now the bridge over the avenue by which the cadets crossed to the park from the Stevens Hotel has been torn down, and the Stevens, along with the Congress, has been handed back to the civilians. Chicago knows that the airmen and the marines are scattered to a thousand bases over the world. It is a reminder that the war long ago passed the practice stage.

Even more poignant reminders are present. On street corners in hundreds of neighborhoods there have been posted small plaques, each bearing a gold star and the name of a lad from that block who has fallen in this war. After the white-lettered name—printed without rank—are the letters "Sq." Hereafter the corner will be known as "Joe Smith Square," or whatever the name may be. A ceremony attended by neighbors, friends and relatives is held at the placing of each plaque.

Five thousand block flagpoles have been erected by block committees of the Office of Civilian Defense. Listed in some manner near each are the names of all GIs from the block. Some of the installations are elaborate and have bulletin boards that are kept up to date with personal news from camps and war theaters.

While its own men are away, Chicago is vociferously determined to make a reputation for itself as the nation's—enthusiasts say the world's—most hospitable city to GIs who visit it. There is no gauge for measuring such things, but Chicago certainly has an argument. City transportation is free except in rush hours. To supplement the usual recreational facilities, various groups have combined to sponsor several servicemen's centers under the slogan "Everything Free." No. 1 occupies 14 floors of the building at 176 West Washington Street; No. 2 is in the huge old Auditorium Hotel on Michigan Avenue; No. 3 is at 60 East Forty-ninth Street; No. 4, at Fullerton Avenue on the lake front, with a 1,500-foot beach, is called the Country Club.

Servicemen's centers reflect the city in which they are located, and Chicago's are on the lusty side. Free burlesque tickets are available along with Annie Oakleys to more sedate plays. The morning chosen for serving tomato juice is Sunday, when it is likely to do the most good. The 6,000 girls who come to dance at the centers are exhorted to brace themselves against the temptation of being taken home by GIs, but there is no rule against it, and names and addresses may be given.

This does not mean that GIs, a notoriously innocent class, are without protection. Far from it. The girls are investigated. It was not possible to learn the exact technique, but when I asked a stern-faced senior hostess at a dance what she was looking for, she replied without removing her gimlet eyes from the dancers: "Short dresses." They keep a record of that sort of thing. "Sometimes they don't wear panties," the hostess added. "That's a black mark indeed."

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The SOLDIER SPEAKS:

"Should the U. S. Have Compulsory Military Training After the War?"

Agent for Peace

A COMMON belief held by most thinking GIs in this war is that compulsory military training is a must for the post-war U. S. A large well-equipped, well-trained Army, Navy and Air Force can be a potent bargaining agent for continued peace.

I believe we should devote a large part of the last six months of high school to military subjects like logistics, administration, tactical theory, air operations and geopolitics—all the pertinent studies in how to wage successful war. Then take these youngsters on graduation from high school and give them six months in an Army camp doing field work for which they have been picked by an Army classification board. As for the Navy and Marine Corps, I believe they will have no trouble operating on a volunteer basis. However, any of the high-school graduates could substitute either of these services for the Army field-training period.

An important factor in building up a strong peacetime military organization will be the ability to attract many intelligent professional soldiers. The Army must be made attractive in matters of pay, living conditions and progressive administration. We have a wealth of technical and professional labor who, if attracted by what the Army offers, would give it an infusion of young blood, keep it on its toes and keep it from stagnating as it did between the two world wars.

Panama —Sgt. ARVIN FOSTER

A Citizen Army

EVEN if the best possible peace treaty is devised and a stable world organization set up, a peacetime Army will still be a necessity. But unless we broaden the base of military service, the peacetime Army will not be democratic.

Remember our pre-war Army? It was a pallid stepchild of our Government, and we did not like to show it to strangers. The joe who joined it was generally considered a lazy, shiftless, moronic lout who lacked the brains and ambition to "make good" in civil life. Thousands of men whose abilities and interests inclined toward a military career shunned it because of the stigma.

But every able-bodied American should receive military training. His period of service might be from his 18th to his 19th year. Those who chose to remain after the expiration of their period of service would gradually be promoted to the commissioned and noncommissioned ranks on the basis of their abilities. Command and staff schools, teaching advanced skills and techniques, would be open to them. The officer caste and other medieval trappings would disappear.

We would do well to learn a lesson from the magnificent Russian Army. Its generals are, for the most part, former peasants, miners and factory workers. The rank and file of the Red Army, which has so roughly handled the Superman, is made up of the ordinary Russian people. But they had been trained to the peak of efficiency for the day when their country might be endangered, and each was thoroughly familiar with the job he had to do.

We can and should make the vocation of the guardian of his country as honorable and respectable as that of the druggist, the movie star, the saloonkeeper or the bank president. Let us keep up a citizen army after the war. Then we can look to the future with serene confidence. We shall have the security that is the luxury of those who know their strength.

Ephrata AAB, Wash. —Pvt. HAROLD R. NEWMAN

Schools for Soldiers

WE NEED a large and potent army to curtail any and all future Hitlers, but we do not need compulsory military training.

The answer lies in universal school courses in military subjects incorporating classroom and field training. The courses would be compulsory in that they would be necessary for graduation, but actual force to enlist men in military service would be avoided.

There are several advantages in this type of military training. First, it protects the freedom of the American individual from compulsory service. Second, it avoids the hazardous practice of stealing a year or two from a youth's education and hampering the necessary continuance of his free and thoughtful life. Third, the program would get hold of the youth in his adolescent years when such discipline is most needed. And last, it provides a suitable inducement for someone who wants a military career.

As an added feature to counteract an undesirable complacency, service pay should continue to be high so that a military career could become a respectable profession. It is true that many an American boy would have eagerly chosen the military as a career if the Army had provided better pay.

Yes, we do need a military-minded nation after this war—an alert people who will not again be awakened only by a Pearl Harbor. If we maintain a large standing Army, a powerful Air Force and an expanding Navy, we will not fear war; and if we don't fear war, it will not come.

But let us generate this alertness and military consciousness by an efficient school program and not through a hazardous compulsory measure that will peril our precious liberty and perhaps invite our children to become followers of a tyrant regime like that of Adolf Hitler.

Italy —Cpl. WES WISE

Compete for Manpower

I SAY definitely, "No." Figure it out in terms of arithmetic.

Under "Plan A" we spend millions of dollars a year trying to teach a bunch of unenthusiastic young men the ways of war while they put in their time and buck like hell to get out. When the year is up, they go home. Then in 1957 our security is threatened. Those same men come back into the Army. They have forgotten most of what they learned and most of what they retain is outmoded. Where is our remuneration for the millions spent?

Under "Plan B" we really offer the Army as a career for men interested. We can only do that by putting the Army in a position to compete with American industry for manpower. It can be done by raising the pay of the GI to a point where he can make a real living by being in the Army, which might mean paying the private $75 or $100 a month plus family allowance. Is this bleeding the American taxpayer? Actually, it is letting him off cheaply because it will cost him much less to support an Army of 500,000 at these wages than to pay, feed and clothe a conscripted Army of two million men.

We will have an Army skilled in war because the men must be skilled to hold their "jobs." They will have grown with the changes and have learned constantly. In 1957 they will be strong and ready for war and, more important, we will have an officer and cadre pool really capable of taking the civilian and making him into a good soldier in the shortest possible time.

Do it this way, and if the time comes for my son to fight, I can say to him: "Now it is time for you to give up your way of life and learn a new one that may help keep our way of life."

Hawaii —1st Sgt. FRED DWYER

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. Our next question will be "What Should We Do with the Germans and Japs after the War?" If you have any ideas on the subject, send them to *The Soldier Speaks Department*, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll give you time to get them here by mail. The best of the letters received will be printed in YANK.

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Not even in the blueprint stage: It's atom-powered, self-steered, plastic-shelled and television-equipped.

POST-WAR CAR?

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN
YANK *Staff Writer*

So you're tired of that jeep. You just can't wait for the end of the duration-plus so you can get one of those egg-shaped "cars of tomorrow" you see pictured every now and then in the slick magazines—a rear-motored, gyroscopically steered, transparent-topped job, complete with air conditioning, television and two-way radio telephone, and capable of doing 200 mph on one gallon of 200-octane gasoline.

Well, take it easy.

You might find yourself with a car like that some day, but it won't be soon. As a matter of fact, the first post-war automobiles off the assembly lines will be little different from the 1942 models produced just before Pearl Harbor. You might even find yourself content with the old jeep, if it's one the Government sells to civilians.

When the automobile factories changed over to the manufacture of war machines in 1942, the first impression was that after the war there would be a complete revolution in motorcar design. "As a result of the suspension of automobile production," said the chief engineer of the Chrysler Corporation, "the industry will find itself for the first time, when the war is over, able to approach the design and construction of motorcars on a new basis. The war has freed motorcar engineers from the traditions of the past, freed them from the stranglehold of old machine tools and methods. Research can now be directed at things as they should be, rather than as they are."

Today the automobile builders are singing a different tune. They know that after the war they won't be able to build new cars fast enough to supply the demand, even by using the old dies and machine tools of pre-war days. And if they were to take time out to do the retooling necessary for entirely new models, it would be months before they could get into production.

Aside from the time element, there would be a tremendous investment involved in changing the dies with which bodies and fenders are stamped and in replacing such fantastically complicated machine tools as the gang drills that bore all the holes in a cylinder block in one operation. It costs many millions of dollars even to make very minor model changes—a new radiator grille, a slightly different fender line or a new kind of shock-absorber mounting for the advertising boys to herald as a daring innovation.

So you can see what a completely new type of car would run into. And even if some bold manufacturer did come out with an all-new car, he'd risk ruination if the vehicle developed some flaw that failed to show up in the preliminary tests.

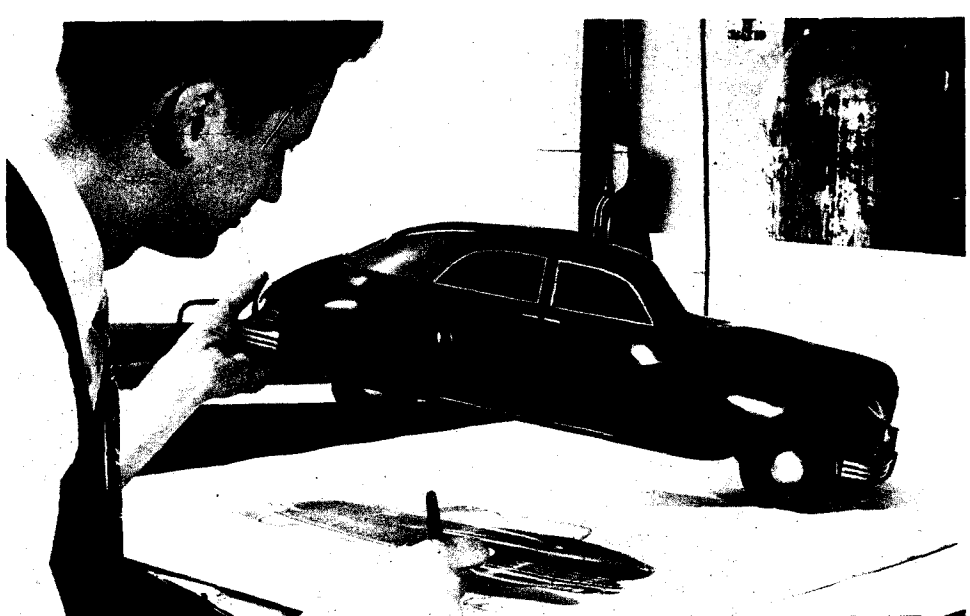
Mild concern has been caused in Detroit by rumors that Henry Kaiser or some of the aircraft manufacturers are working out some radical new ideas for automobiles. But the established automotive manufacturers contend that an unorthodox car, made by a newcomer to the field, would lack the sales and service organizations of the big motor companies (which have been kept intact during the war) and that no mail-order or gas-station sales program would be enough to put such a car over.

So it appears that changes in automobiles will evolve gradually as they always have.

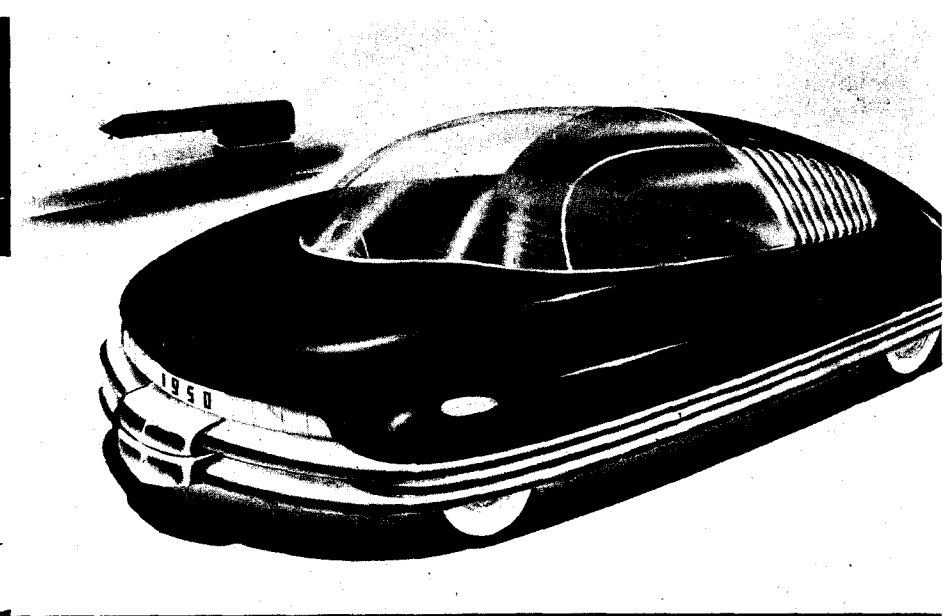
Even before the war there was talk of plastic bodies, transparent tops, tear-drop designing, rear motors and the use of light alloys.

The aircraft industry, to meet the needs of war, has made tremendous strides in the use of new materials and the development of new and better methods. Indeed, the automobile plants that are now engaged in aircraft production have had a part in these trends. How soon and to what extent such developments will be applied to the manufacture of motorcars remains to be seen.

So far, the use of plastic in automobiles has been limited to interior moldings, steering wheels, dashboards, gear-shift handles, etc. The Ford Motor Company has done some experimenting with plastic bodies; you may recall pictures of Henry Ford whacking away at one with an ax to demonstrate its indestructibility. But, while plastic for bodies has many advantages, such as lightness of weight and the fact that it requires no painting, it still does not have the tensile strength of steel. In case of a collision, a smashed body panel of plastic would have to be replaced



When that car's outmoded, you may ride in the one this designer is sketching.



George Walker of Detroit designed this plastic-domed model for the future.

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Typical GI?

IS there such a thing as a typical GI? We doubt it, but this excellent letter from Mrs. Charles W. Peers Jr. of Valley Station, Ky., tells why she thinks her husband, the pfc at the right, now with an antiaircraft outfit somewhere in Europe, is "the typical GI Joe." It is well worth reading. The letter won the $5,000 first prize in a recent "Typical GI Joe" contest staged by Eddie Cantor, the radio comic. The money will be kept in the bank for Pfc. Peers until after the war is over. He will probably use it to buy the farm near Louisville that he has always wanted.

NAME – Charles William Peers Jr.
BRANCH – Army – Coast artillery – Anti-aircraft
RANK – Private
HOME ADDRESS – RR #3 Valley Station, Kentucky
AGE – 22
HEIGHT – 5 feet 9 inches
WEIGHT – 170 pounds
WORK BEFORE ENTERING SERVICE – Machinist at Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co. Louisville Ordinance Division, Louisville, Ky.

March 9, 1944

Dear Eddie;

I think my husband is the typical G.I. Joe. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has light brown hair which is a few shades lighter on top, having been bleached by the sun. He has gray eyes which can be as cold as steel or as soft as the love of his little daughter can make them.

2.

He has a young eager face and when he smiles, which is often his teeth sparkle more now than ever because he is so tanned. He can be as hard headed as any top sergeant and he loves an argument, especially when it is about whose state is "God's Country" or which non com is the "meanest man on earth."

He has been overseas for nearly a year and his greatest ambition is to finish his job over there so he can come home and see his baby girl who was born four months after he left the states.

He loves to get pictures letters and notes from home and he has framed several of his favorite snapshots with glass taken from a German plane. He collects souvenirs and sends them home for me to keep for our home which we are planning on after the war is over.

3.

He doesn't like army now or for that matter, he doesn't like the army. He loves to play football and he likes good music and hamburgers with plenty of onion.

He is a clean, young, hard fighting, quick thinking American who trusts in God and believes in prayer. He does not want to die, but he is willing to fight for the things he believes to be right.

He is a man and I am proud that he is my husband.

Sincerely

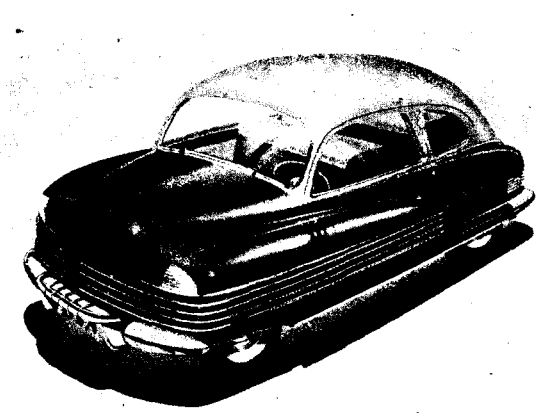
Mrs. Charles W. Peers Jr.
R.R. #3 Valley Station, Kentucky.

instead of merely being straightened out—provided, of course, that you lived to have it done.

Certainly the transparent-plastic tops, beloved of the airbrush boys who dream up fanciful cars, will not come for a long time. True, airplanes have their "plexiglas" noses and domes, but this sort of material in its present stage of development is not yet ready for general use in automobiles. It is too prone to scratching for one thing; it soon loses much of its transparency for another. Furthermore, curved surfaces would cause eyestrain. Most of the designs calling for these hemi-parabolic tops make no provision for windows; air conditioning, it seems, would take care of the ventilation, but apparently you'd have to open the door to signal a left turn or pay the bridge toll.

A number of European cars have put their power plants in the rear—the 170 H Mercedes in Germany, the Tatra in Czechoslovakia and the Burney in England. One advantage is the elimination of a long drive shaft, so as to allow a lower floor. But the use of the present type of motor in this position would impose certain difficulties, especially in cooling. Some designers, both here and abroad, have proposed a light air-cooled radial, or flat, motor that could be placed either in the rear or under the floor. Meanwhile, a nice big old iron motor out in front to take up the initial shock if you have a collision can be a mighty comforting thing.

A greater use of light aluminum and magnesium alloys may be expected. For many years all the good cars in Europe have used these metals in their motors. The great expansion in the production of them for airplane construction should make them economical for use in mass-produced cars in this country. But don't look for aluminum bodies—for a while, at least. While aluminum bodies are common among the better European cars, the difficulty of stamping them out with big automatic presses has made them impractical for low-priced American cars.



Design for a post-war body on a 1944 jeep chassis.

Refineries have made amazing progress in the development of motor fuels for aircraft, but our automobile motors are not far enough advanced to take advantage of them. One way of increasing the power and efficiency of a motor is to raise its compression ratio. Raising the compression ratio causes knocking in a motor unless high-octane gasoline is used; that, in fact, is the purpose of such fuel. Therefore, 100-octane gasoline is of little use to the low-compression, comparatively inefficient motors now found in our automobiles.

THERE are plenty of improvements the American motorcar maker could make without worrying too much about new designs in chromium excrescences and domed plastic tops. The emphasis on making a car look imposingly expensive, instead of increasing its mechanical efficiency, has resulted in a big tinny, garish monstrosity with low-geared unsafe steering, poor visibility and a wasteful old-fashioned motor.

If American engineers expended some of their energy toward making a really tough, efficient, controllable machine, we'd be getting somewhere.

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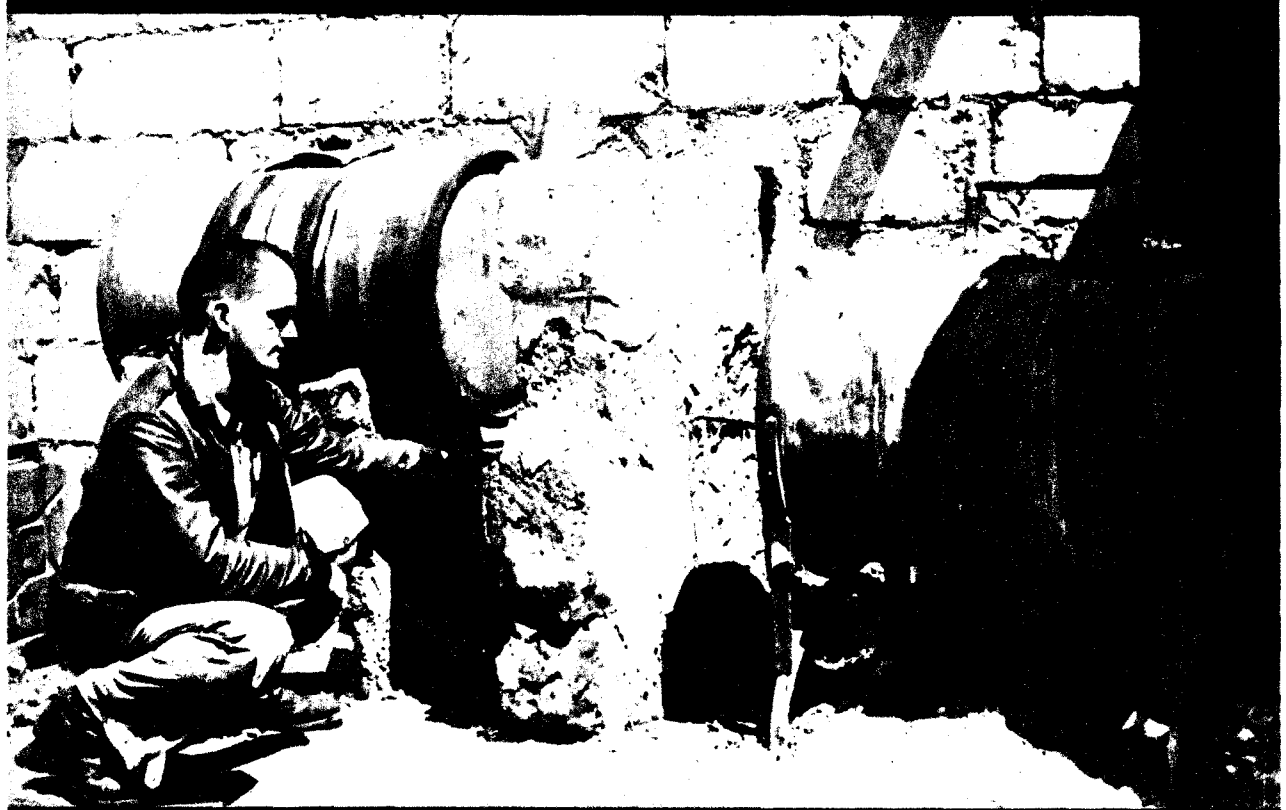
Home Is

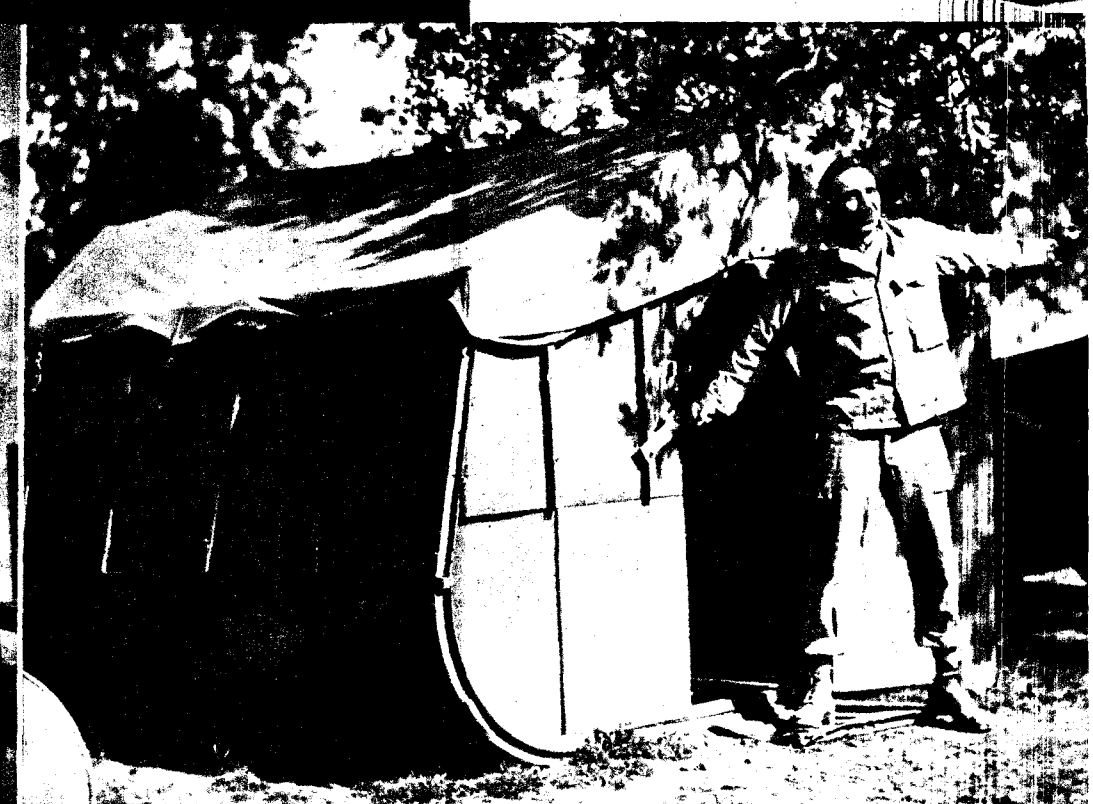
G

Doing a bit of cleaning outdoors are (l. to r.): Sgt. Boyd Clark, Hastings, Mich.; Cpl. George Bryden, Washington, Pa., and Cpl. Milas Sabrowsky, Tigerton, Wis. Shelter halves, stones and some well-placed mud make their home.



M/Sgt. Roy Moyer, who comes from South Fork, Pa., is lighting the hot-water tank so that he and his two pals can enjoy a warm shower. The contraption was built with empty oil barrels and the ever-present Italian stone.

When M/Sgt. Moyer lighted the tank in the photograph above this, he warmed the shower you see here. Temperature, evidently, is about right.



Well, well, sir. Was your suite quite satisfactory? Did you enjoy your sleep? S/Sgt. Ely Crinzma from Cranford, N. J., greets the morning with a smile. Two B-24 luggage racks form his abode

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ild It

A fireplace, a cup of coffee, a letter from home and good conversation make it a pleasant evening for (l. to r.) S/Sgt. Jim Finch, Sgt. John Waschak, Sgt. Melvin Schoenburger, S/Sgt. Gordon Yohann.

These men are using ballast lumber to construct side walls for th pyramidal tent. Then they'll attach shelves and clothes compartme

GI interior decorators at work. L. to r.: T/Sgt. King Pettry, Van Le Ky.; T/Sgt. Dick Lilles, Hamden, Conn.; Sgt. Dick Price, Sarasota,

"The Rats Nest" a [illegible] the names on the door. Cpl. George Dil- [illegible] DuPont does an expert job of kibitzing.

Home of Cpls. Hugh McBride and Harry Knapp is so popular visit want to stay overnight. So the California boys build a guest roo

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MAIL CALL

The American Way

Dear YANK:

An open letter to Sgt. Newton H. Fulbright, in Italy, in answer to his views on "A Hard-Headed America" published on YANK's *The Soldier Speaks* page. [Sgt. Fulbright, expressing strong support for a self-concerned America, stated that the "average GI abroad has no desire to intrude in the strict internal affairs of another country" and that American money spent in the past for "hospitals and schools in the jungles of Africa and in the dark reaches of India would have done a great deal more good if wisely spent at home."—*Ed.*] Sergeant, do you have any idea at all just how little money is sent overseas for Christian missions? Do you know anything about the fine work carried on in foreign lands by men we are prone to look down on—the missionaries? Do you know about the hardships they endure, the dangers confronting them, the privations they suffer, all in order to bring a better way of living to a group or groups of pagans whom you state are perfectly willing to go on living as they did 6,000 years ago?

Many strange and interesting stories have come out of the steaming malaria-infested jungles and from tiny islands in the Pacific—islands almost unheard of until the fury of this conflict had swept to the four corners of the globe—stories of naked savages speaking Oxford English, American slang, pidgin English, saving the lives of American pilots, giving them succor when they were dangerously ill with tropical fevers or strange jungle infections, guiding them to safety through trackless forests and swamps. Fifty years ago these same naked savages would have added a trophy to their shelves of shrunken heads, or added a tasty bit of white meat to the spit or pots. But the missionaries got there first! . . . I have a friend in the Air Corps who fought through the hell of Bataan, Mindanao, Soerabaja and New Guinea, driven out by the Sons of the Rising Sun. Fighting alongside of him in the trenches in Bataan was a Tagalog, a converted Tagalog who made this statement: "The Japanese are undoing all the good work that your people have done. Why didn't you send missionaries to their country?"

Camp Cooke, Calif. —S/Sgt. FRANKLYN W. EATON

Dear YANK:

. . . . We liberals today must shake off defeatists and isolationists. We must work for a network of strong independent armies, coupled with a unified international command that will work in conjunction with an authoritative world court. We must formulate an Allied League of Nations that will stomp every budding tyrant instead of soothing him with diplomatic double-talk. We must open trade barriers. We must feed the hungry. We must establish schools, schools and more schools everywhere. Of course there will be those prejudiced and selfish people who will imprudently query: "And what will *we* gain from all this Santa Claus business?" The answer lies in a better world, a safer world, a saner world, even perhaps a *civilized* world, for ourselves and our children. Will there be a third generation in 20 years to lose their blood in a world brawl, caused again by the simple brutal stupidity of prejudiced minds? *That* is the catastrophe we must not allow to rise.

Italy —Cpl. WESLEY WISE

Officer Contributions

Dear YANK:

Our sincere sympathies to 2d Lt. Jerome Snyder of Camp Hulen, Tex., who said of YANK: "Let us come in. God knows we deserve it." [In a letter printed in a march issue of YANK Lt. Snyder asked us to print contributions from officers and we said no.—*Ed.*] This is exactly how we feel about officers' clubs and the numerous night clubs and restaurants back in the States that cater only to officers: "Let us come in, God knows we deserve it!"

New Guinea —S/Sgt. JAMES T. HARRIES*

*Also signed by 1st Sgt. Raymond W. Close.

Dear YANK:

. . . . [Lt. Snyder] says that he has dropped to his knees and is pleading to come in. Imagine how far a GI would get if he dropped to his knees and pleaded to get into the officers' club! The officers have the run of our PXs, but the only time we get into an establishment "strictly for officers and gentlemen (by an act of Congress)" is when we go in to clean the place up. . . .

Port of Embarkation —Pfc. WILLIAM RIDEN*

*Also signed by Pvt. James T. Ryan and Pvt. Robert Graylow.

Pvt. Grace Glocke

Dear YANK:

Military strategists probably have an explanation for it, but I think that the reason the boys took Rome so fast was that someone gave them a copy of the issue of YANK that had the picture of Pvt. Grace Glocke on the cover, and after they took one look they made up their minds that they just had to finish this war. In the 18 months I have read your magazine this is the best girl's picture you have published, so consequently I am going to break down and send you an application for a year's subscription.

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Cpl. WILBUR E. RYAN

Dear YANK:

I wonder if you could give me her address? . . . She might become our ship's pin-up girl.

USS Blanco —FRED H. BASTIAN

Dear YANK:

. . . . Those Wacs are girls from home, and they haven't all the excess make-up on or glamorous clothes or publicity agents. Yeow, why didn't I take up photography before I was drafted? Here's hoping to see some more Wac pictures. . . .

Alaska —Pfc. R. H. FANNING Jr.

Dear YANK:

. . . That is worth fighting for.

Camp Ellis, Ill. —Pvt. W. P.

Dear YANK:

. . . *We recommend additional personnel of this* type, or a reasonable facsimile!

Presidio of San Francisco, Calif. —Sgt. P. A. GANA

Dear YANK:

The man that made that choice knew what the score was. . . . She is tops in our book.

Camp Wolters, Tex. —Pvt. PAUL SCHILLINGS

Dear YANK:

About five months ago—while winding up 3½ years in the Pacific—I wrote to your magazine an article about how much I detested the Wacs. But now I realize what a first-class heel I was. . . . My narrow-minded opinion has changed entirely, and I am very proud of those gallant American women. . . . What this country needs is more of those wonderful girls. . . . Please print this, as I got quite a few letters from Wacs after they read my last article, and every one of them wrote such nice letters and wished my buddies and me the best of luck. I felt more ashamed than I have ever been before.

Letterman General Hospital, Calif. —Pvt. WM. J. ROBINSON

■ Pretty Pvt. Grace Glocke whose picture we printed on YANK's cover (and again here) seems to have made a big hit with our readers. More than 300 letters were delivered to her at the Rapid City AAB, S. Dak., in the two weeks after YANK's publication of her picture, and mail for and about her continues to pour in at YANK's editorial offices.

Advertising

Dear YANK:

Although fully aware of what tobacco in one form or another means to most soldiers, including myself, I am nevertheless opposed to certain strong-arm methods used to promote its sale. Recently, after more than three years of overseas service, I was fortunate enough to get a furlough. While waiting at one of the ports of embarkation for return transportation, the casual company of which I was a member was forced to attend a high-pressure sales movie. This picture dealt solely with the supposedly high quality of one of the leading cigarette brands. Much care was taken to see that none of the dogface audience walked out. Now, I would like to know how in the hell such time spent is of any benefit to a soldier's education? . . . Why does a serviceman have to put up with such nonsense when instead he might be guzzling that last beer? I, for one, can have only contempt and disgust for the promoters of force of this caliber.

Aleutians —T-5 HOY D. JOHNSON

Dear YANK:

The news that the Army and Navy are going to take the ad writer to task back there in Shangri-La struck a very responsive chord among the boys. It is about time someone came along with a dump truck and carted all that stuff away, and also policed the area to see that no more is spread. After all, the war is not being fought for or by Hollywood, dear old Alma Mater or Goopies cigarettes. But that has been the general impression to date. . . . There are boys in this as well as other theaters who think nothing of going right back on combat duty, bandages and all. They don't ask for or get ribbons, publicity or hero worship. But I think they do deserve a little less hokum on the home front, and that applies to actresses selling cigarettes dressed in official Army Nurses' uniforms, even if they did act in a picture wearing them. A pretty profile never will knock Jap planes out of the sky, and four or five soldiers who are fighting don't give a damn what cigarette sells the best. But if they did have time to think of such things they would care about the extravagant waste of paper and the advertising of things that are not being made and cannot be made till long after the war.

Let's all fight.

China —Lt. DAVID COHEN

Snafu Solved

Dear YANK:

When Francis Goracheck received the pfc stripe intended for his brother Henry of the same rifle company here, authorities admitted that this problem arising out of a technical error had them stumped. The brothers decided otherwise. After all, this was a family matter. Said brother Francis to brother Henry: "See me pay day and I'll pay you your $4.80."

Anzio —Pfc. J. B. LYNCH

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

Sgt. BURMAN, 1st Sgt. HOFFMAN, PITTINGER boys, POTTER, Cpl. RODERMEYER, Cpl. ROMEO and Sgt. VERNERALLI, once with the 175TH INF.: write Pvt. Milton Proser. . . . S/Sgt. David A. Doucet would like to hear from shipmates who served aboard the *Tulsa* and the *Gold Star*, 1926-'30; also former buddies of the 5TH INF., Co. A, who were in Panama in 1939. . . . Members of the CORONETS: write T/Sgt. Leo H. Davis. . . . GIs of class 47A, Bks. 641, 808 TSS, SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK., and cadets of 436, Sq. A-1 MAXWELL FLD., ALA.: write M/Sgt. W. Mowerson. . . . Pfc. PARIS SADDLER, Pvt. DANIEL VENERI, Pvt. WOODROW SHUNATO of MCCOMAS, WEST VA.: write Pfc. Sesto Brugnoli.

Lt. VINCENT ADDUCI, formerly of the 313th Bomb. Sq., Gp. 6, MacDill Fld., Fla.: write Cpl. Carlo R. Dragonetti. . . . THOMAS BRYANT, once at APO 922: write Pvt. E. Benford. . . . F. C. CILTAM, somewhere in the SWPA: write Pfc. Clyde Lawsan. . . . Lt. ALFRED H. COURT III, formerly at APO 958: write Cpl. Seymour Cain. . . . T-4 GORDON CREIDER, last heard of in Signal Corps, Philadelphia: write Pvt. G. C. Feierabend Jr. . . . Pvt. RAY DAVIS: write Cpl. Lorenzo S. Peterson. . . . JOHN R. DELMORE, formerly of Kearns, Utah: write Cpl. S. M. Goldberg. . . . Cpl. SAM EAGAN, formerly in the 32d MP Co., Camp Livingston, La.: write Lt. George D. Gale. . . . Pfc. HAROLD ECKE, last heard of with the Air Corps in Amarillo, Tex.: write LAC F. G. Daley, #4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont. . . . Pvt. JOSE ESTRADA JR., last heard of in Buchanan, Puerto Rico: write Pfc. Cruze Hernandez. . . . Pvt. MARVIN FRANDSEN of Idaho, in the AAF, last heard of at No. American Aircraft School, Inglewood, Calif.: write Cpl. Walter J. Carroll. . . . ALBERT GEDDIE, formerly at Fort Knox, Ky.: write Lt. John B. H. Fry. . . . MICHEL KARPENSKI of Summit, N. J., somewhere in Italy: write your cousin, Anthony Szulczewski. . . . Lt. ESTON KUHN, formerly at Fort Benning, pilot of a C-47, Paratroop Sq.: write Pfc. William E. Fitch. . . . Pfc. EDWARD T. MCCULLOUGH, last heard of in the 111th Inf.: write Pvt. Harry Miller. . . . Sgt. CLINTON S. METZER, last heard of in Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pfc. William Purdon. . . . Pvt. ROBERT PULT, last heard of at Camp Roberts, later at Pittsburg (Calif.) P.R.D.: write Pvt. John Richards. . . . T/Sgt. HARLAN ROBINSON, last heard of at Camp Holabird, Md.: write Pvt. Charles L. Burchette Jr. . . . RUBEN ROMERO of National City, Calif., later heard from in Dutch Harbor: write Pvt. Ernest C. Esparza. . . . Cpl. RICHARD J. SMITH: write T-5 George Steinberg. . . . Pfc. JAMES SNYDER, last heard of at Camp Pickett, Va.; Pfc. JOHN SCHNEIDER, Alucha AAB, Fla., and Pvt. JOSEPH SNYDER, Barksdale Field, La.: write your brother, Cpl. E. A. Snyder. . . . Pfc. MARK THOMPSON, once at Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write Sgt. H. Tuchols. . . . Capt. ARTHUR L. WEEKS, Fifth Air Force, overseas: write Pfc. Woodrow W. Shumate.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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Chief Petty Officer

By BERNARD DRYER PhM3c

"I DON'T object as much to what you're doing, Church," Chief Williams said. "It's who you're doing it to." He rubbed his cigarette out and looked through the shifting planes of smoke at the younger chief across the desk. "Hell, I'm not trying to mess with your job—you can have the lousy personnel office. But this don't go so good."

Chief Church tilted slowly back in his chair and ran one thin hand back over his hair. He had admired this gesture of calm controlled power when he had been a first mate under Lt. (jg) Bronson; now that he had the rocker under the eagle on his arm, and the all-metal swivel chair with it, he had adopted the movement without recalling its source. He was fond of telling his roommate that even though he had never been to college no one would guess the fact just by watching him. Not that he wanted stuff on his shoulders — hell, he had enough responsibility now for two men—but it was kind of good to know he could keep up a smooth front like any junior gold braid.

"What do you want me to do, Williams," he said quietly, "cry over this guy Harvey?"

"Don't cry," said Williams. "Just give him a break."

"My God, he's due for night duty, isn't he?"

"Sure he is. But you don't give a guy 30 nights in a row and no leave. Not when he goes overseas the thirty-first day."

"The hell you say. To me the guy is a brick labeled third mate. He can replace any brick with the same label. That's policy and it's plain common sense." Church liked his last statement. I can use good English with the best of them, he thought.

"For Chrisakes, Church. I don't know whether to be sorry for you or sore."

"Sorry I annoy you, sir."

"Bricks, labels—where did you pick up that kind of talk?"

"Relax, admiral, relax."

"How can I, with you rocking back and forth stroking your hair?"

"All right, go ahead, get personal. I had to make the decision, so I made it."

Chief Williams blew the air out of his lungs in one long blubber sound and dropped his hands on his knees. "Church, listen. The guy is married. Him and his wife, they're just like that together."

"When you guys with hash marks up to the elbow get sentimental, you're the worst of all. Are you a wet nurse or a chief petty officer?"

"I go for the word chief. You sort of lean toward petty."

"Christ almighty, Williams! I never seen you like this before! What's Harvey's wife got to do with it?" Church had a picture of Harvey's wife in his mind: she was probably pretty in a sort of high-tone way, and very respectable under the blankets. But on the other hand, maybe not. You could never feel sure of where you stood with that kind.

"The Old Man likes to see people get a couple days off before going overseas," Williams was saying. "You're getting 10 days off yourself. Give the boy at least a week end."

Church spread one hand out on the desk before him, slowly opening his fingers, admiring the long slender fingers and the clean short nails. "It's a rule," he said, "and you know it. If you go on nights, you stay on 30 days. And don't call him a boy, Williams. He's as old as I am."

Mr. Coggeshall, the warrant officer, came out of the head buttoning his trousers. "Jesus, if you two knew what you sound like through a door. Nyah, nyah, nyah. Why don't you knock it off?"

Church smiled and rocked a little in his chair. "I've always tried to be fair, and I'm kind of proud of it. But this is tough stuff for Harvey."

HARVEY came striding into the office. Church noted with satisfaction the brittle little smile on his face. So many of them came in with armor on, but boy, oh boy, how fast they cracked. That's why it was better to call them up to the office instead of telling them by phone. He leaned back in his chair, feeling Mr. Coggeshall and Chief Williams watching him. He lit a cigarette with the cool competent carelessness of a woman putting on lipstick before going downstairs to a tiresome party.

"How goes the battle, Chief?" Harvey said as he came up to the desk.

That was one thing Church frankly disliked about these guys who had been to college. They always had something to say. Always an answer or a bright remark. He rocked in his chair a little and stroked his hair with his free hand, thoughtfully contracting his brows into a serious mask of dutiful concentration.

"How do you like your job down there, Harvey?" he asked. This was the regular opening. If they said they liked it, they were vulnerable to a change. If they said they didn't, they invited a change. In either case they risked getting something worse.

"Oh, so-so," answered Harvey, "Why?"

"What college did you go to, Harvey?" It always threw a smart bird off his stride when you kept changing the tack of your questions.

Harvey looked at him, then at Mr. Coggeshall and Chief Williams. Slowly he broke into a grin. "What is this," he asked, "a gag? What do I do now, write some memos for the skipper?"

Chief Williams took out a pack of cigarettes and thrust it at Harvey. "Grab one and take a load off your feet, Harvey," he said. "God's right hand is playing chess with you."

"What am I," Harvey asked Williams, "a knight or a pawn?"

Mr. Goggeshall smiled. "Knight," he said. "That's a good one. Night. That's good."

Church didn't like Harvey's kind of talk because you were never too sure what it meant, so he interrupted with: "Maybe you'll say no if I ask you to write some memos, huh? You turned me down on a little job last week."

"Why hell, Church, you wanted me to work as plumber's helper. I'm busy as six people in that lab. I thought the Navy wanted to use men at their top skill unquote."

"No kidding, Harvey," Mr. Coggeshall said suddenly, "what college did you go to?"

"Harvard," Harvey answered and then added with a sidelong smile: "But don't hold that against me." A few small beads of perspiration had formed just below his hairline, and he wiped these off with one fingertip. He leaned over to light his cigarette from the match Williams held out between cupped palms. "Thanks," he said to Williams, exhaling the smoke in a great cloud around his face. "Well, Church, I smell the dirty end of a stick, but what's the stick this time?"

Church's face fell into its frown of official concentration. He told Harvey about going overseas and the 30 days of night duty and ended with: "I'm sorry, but that's how it is."

Harvey was looking straight at him when he said slowly: "You're sorry, but that's how it is."

"Take it easy, Harvey," Church said.

"And you don't have 200 men in those barracks to replace me, do you?"

"If you were a second mate, Harvey, you couldn't be moved except on Bureau orders. But you're not, so you're on the draft."

"To hell with the draft, Church! I don't mind going so much. It's going without a chance to see my wife."

"You're in the Navy, mate."

"But it's so damned unnecessary to do it this particular way!"

"It's TS, mate. See the chaplain if you want."

Harvey got up. Mr. Coggeshall said: "Jesus, I forgot to wash my hands!" and went into the head, closing the door behind him. There was a moment of silence. Church opened his Clear-Vu personnel index file with a slight rattle to indicate the interview was finished.

HARVEY leaned across the desk and said in a husky low voice: "If we ever meet in civilian clothes, Church, I'll beat your face in."

"What'll you do, chum?" Church snarled. "Hit me with one of them volumes of Shakespeare?"

Chief Williams took Harvey's elbow and said: "What do you say to a beer? Broke as I am, I'll let you buy me one."

Harvey continued staring at Church. "Church," he said, "I'd see a psychiatrist if I were you."

Church jumped to his feet. "Get out of here!" he shouted. "Get your goddam smart talk the hell away from my office!"

Harvey shook his elbow free of Chief Williams' grip, then he turned and walked out. Chief Williams looked at Church once and followed him.

For a moment Church stood there feeling a little fire dance in his chest. Then he pulled out the comb that clipped on the lining of his breast pocket and went over to the small steel mirror on the wall. He noticed with surprise that his hand was shaking a little as he combed his hair.

YANK FICTION

"Well, Church," he said, "I smell the dirty end of a stick, but what's the stick this time?"

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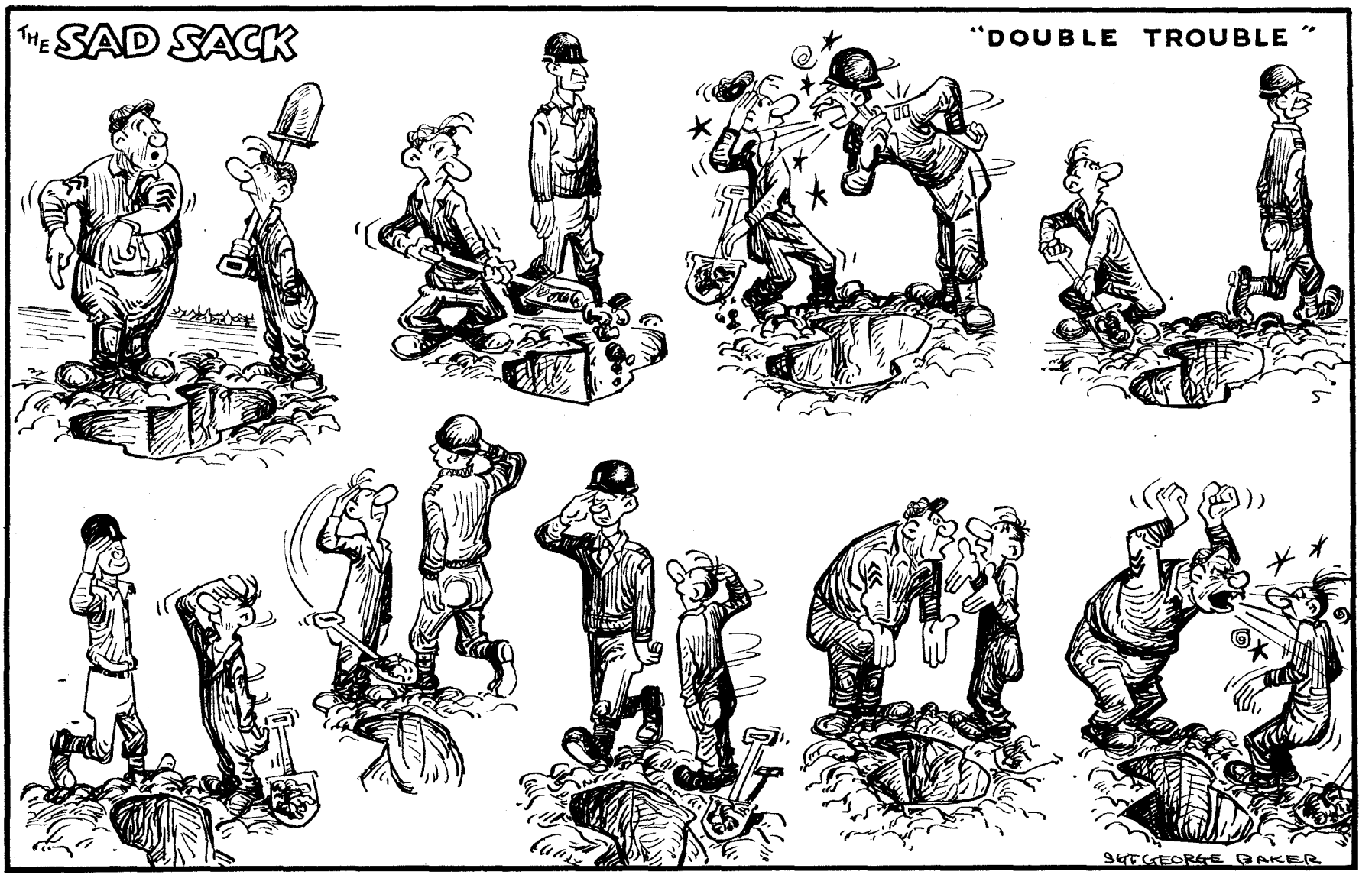

GI Cinderella

By Pvt. RAY BROWN

ONCE upon a time there was an infantryman who lived in a rifle company with his mean old first sergeant and three KP chasers. His name was Pfc. Cinderella, and almost every day, especially Sundays, he would sit alone in the mess hall, peeling onions and cleaning GI cans. For many years Pfc. Cinderella had worked here; in fact, he had just sewed the third hash mark on the sleeve of his blouse. He never had a chance to wear his blouse, but it looked nice anyway.

One day he was crawling around behind the stoves scrubbing the wall, and he heard the mean old first sergeant, who came in each morning at 1000 for coffee, tell the mess sergeant that on this very night there would be a big USO show in town, a show at which would be picked the Best Soldier at Camp Legginlacing. Pfc. Cinderella was very unhappy, for he was certain that the mean old first sergeant and the cooks would all buck up their brass and try to win the contest, and he, Pfc. Cinderella, would be restricted to the company area.

It was late evening and everyone was gone except Pfc. Cinderella, who was sweeping out the orderly room and wishing that he too might go to the USO show in town, when suddenly there was a blinding flash of light. Pfc. Cinderella staggered back and then snapped to attention, squinting his eyes at the bright gold bars on the shoulders of his visitor, who said: "Pfc. Cinderella, I am your fairy platoon leader, and I know that you want to go to the USO show in town!"

And he picked up a book of Army Regulations and tapped happy, happy Pfc. Cinderella on the chest. Pfc. Cinderella looked into the mirror on the orderly-room wall and behold! Gone were his filthy, faded fatigues and dubbined shoes! He was clad in the finest class A uniform the quartermaster ever issued. His three hashmarks and pfc stripes stood out magnificently. On his chest there appeared a Good Conduct Medal, and most wondrous of all his infantry patch had disappeared and was replaced by a shiny new Air Force insignia!

Again the fairy platoon leader waved the AR in the air and hit the charge of quarters, who had just entered, in the face. In a twinkling the captain's desk became a quarter-ton truck, with the CQ sitting straight and stiff behind the wheel.

"And here," said the fairy platoon leader, "is a three-hour pass. I must warn you, be back by 2400 or your uniform will once more change into fatigues, and the MPs will drag you in." And he wafted away toward headquarters. The CQ gunned the motor as Pfc. Cinderella jumped in, and they roared off toward the main gate.

At last there were only three contestants who had not been eliminated for the title of Best Soldier at Camp Legginlacing. On the stage sat the mean old first sergeant, the first cook and Pfc. Cinderella. No one recognized him without his fatigues, and he sat smiling confidently and expectantly, because the winner of the contest would also receive a kiss from the lips of Fifi LaSwan, visiting starlet from Stupid Productions in Hollywood. Pfc. Cinderella knew he would win. In just a few moments——

A few moments! His eyes darted to the clock. It was one minute to 2400!

The master of ceremonies stepped to the microphone and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, the judges have decided that the title of Best Soldier at Camp Legginlacing and the kiss from Miss Fifi LaSwan, whose latest picture for Stupid Productions is 'Tonight We Raid Company B,' should go to——"

"Stop!" Pfc. Cinderella kicked back his chair and raced down the aisle past four MPs, burst out the door into his truck and steamed off toward camp.

Back at the USO show, all was in disorder. The MPs caught two soldiers trying to escape in the same manner as Pfc. Cinderella. Above the noise the master of ceremonies was shouting: "——should go to 1st Sgt. Jonathan B. Dutyroster!"

Fifi LaSwan of Stupid Productions had extracted the maximum number of snickers and whistles from the audience and was bending down to kiss Sgt. Dutyroster on the forehead when again came a commotion. Two gigantic MPs were carrying Pfc. Cinderella toward the stage. This time everyone recognized him, for once more he was dressed in filthy, faded fatigues and dubbined shoes, and in his hands he clutched a broom and a dripping mop. The MPs deposited him before Sgt. Dutyroster and one of them scowled: "He claims you're his foist sahgent! There's gonna be hell to pay for dis! Improper uniform. Forged pass. Posing as a member of the Air Force. Illegal use of a motor vehicle. Removing from his post without proper authority gover'ment propitty in the form of a mop and a broom. Conduct to bring discredit on his uniform at a USO show. Assaulting a military policeman."

1st Sgt. Dutyroster stabbed Pfc. Cinderella with a bayonet-like glance. "If you ever get out of the stockade," he roared, "you'll be pearl-diving for the duration! Take him away! No, wait. No use digging up a detail in the morning. Cinderella, get this joint cleaned up!"

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American Superiority

WE ARE getting fed up with these GIs overseas who feel that they are superior to the rest of the world just because they happen to be Americans.

They look at the standards of living around them, which are lower than the standards of living in Los Angeles or Des Moines because the people have not been able to enjoy our opportunities of making money. And they turn away in disgust rather than pity because they feel that the hungry children, the crowded homes without modern plumbing, the dirty streets and fly-specked food are not a part of their own little air-conditioned, oil-heated, indirect-lighted world.

"To hell with these foreigners," they say. "Thank God I am an American."

The GI has many reasons for thanking God that he is an American, but those reasons are bound up with his heritage of liberty, equality and tolerance. They have nothing to do with modern plumbing or housing conditions, and there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that makes an American a higher type of human being than an African, European or Asiatic.

What is an American, anyway? Does he come from a special chosen race of people? Or does he come from a mixture of millions of Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Poles, Russians, Armenians, Germans, Greeks, Syrians and more other nationalities than you can mention? Did these immigrants come to the U. S. eating fried chicken, Southern style, and apple pie and ice cream on the way over, and when they landed did they move immediately into cheerful, roomy homes with hot and cold running water? The fact is that most of them came to America in ships that were filthy and infested and then jammed in tenements which were not much better. It is also a fact that they brought with them as many religions as nationalities and as many different customs and ways of living. These are the people who gave America the blood that it has today.

With that background, we should be the last to judge a man by his clothes, by his house or by what he eats.

Unless we get rid of this strange and, as a matter of fact, Hitler-like notion that our birth place makes us automatically good and wise and unless we start appraising people by what they are and what they can be instead of by their appearance, we can never be partners with the nations that are trying to live at peace.

"Maybe when the Americans take over Paris we'll be able to listen to One Man's Family"

GI Bill of Rights

THE recently enacted GI Bill of Rights provides free schooling, unemployment insurance, home and business loans and other important benefits to veterans of the second World War. Veterans who were under 25 when they went into service may receive free schooling or technical training at public or private schools or colleges, with a maximum of $500 a year provided by the Government for tuition, fees and books, $50 a month subsistence and an extra $25 a month for GIs with dependents. The bill provides up to 52 weeks of unemployment insurance, at $20 a week, during the first two years after discharge or after the end of the war, whichever is later. Loans up to $2,000, with 50 percent guaranteed by the Government, are provided for the purchase, construction and repair of farms, homes and businesses. Job placement and hospitalization are among the other provisions of the bill.

"Go for Broke"

This is the shoulder patch of the Army's 442d Combat Team, made up of American citizen volunteers of Japanese ancestry. In the 442d, now in training at Camp Shelby, Miss., are many former members of the Hawaiian Territorial Guards. The unit's motto is "Go for Broke," Japanese-American slang for "shoot the works." The elongated hexagon is blue and the torch is white.

Installment Bond-Buying

Because of the authorization of the new $10 GI War Bond, the Army is ending its installment-plan sales of War Bonds to troops. The order affects 1,248,076 allotments, totaling $9,716,968.75 a month, or about one-fourth of the monthly volume bought by Army personnel.

Transfers to Infantry

More than 20,000 enlisted men have transferred to the Infantry at their own request since April and an average of 200 applications a day are being processed now by The Adjutant General.

Lieutenants under 32 years of age may apply now for transfer to the Infantry unless 1) they are assigned to pools in the Zone of the Interior; 2) they are in units alerted for overseas duty; 3) they are pilots or aviation students in flying phases of training, or 4) they are in combat units of the Air or Service Forces.

Invasion Casualties

American Army casualties during the first 11 days of fighting in Normandy totaled 3,283 dead and 12,600 wounded, according to an announcement by Lt. Gen. Bradley. American Navy casualties were announced as "very light".

Eastern Front Score

Moscow announced that the Red Army has killed or captured 7,800,000 Germans in the last three years of fighting on the Russian front. During the last year, the Russians report, the Germans lost 1,400,000 men killed or captured, 33,500 cannon, 27,600 tanks and 17,000 planes, bringing their total losses in the Russian fighting to 90,000 cannon, 70,000 tanks and 60,000 planes. Russian estimates of Red Army losses for the last year were 13,000 cannon, 19,000 tanks and 7,128 planes; for the three years, 48,000 cannon, 49,000 tanks and 30,128 planes.

Washington OP

ON the heels of the invasion we learn from Headquarters of Army Ground Forces that volunteers for the Parachute Troops will be accepted again from all branches of the service. None had been allowed for several months. The greatly expanded training rate has resulted from the highly successful use of parachutists in Normandy. Officers here scoff at the idea that the paratroopers are used on suicide missions or have tremendous casualties in operations. Volunteers overseas will be trained in the theaters, and present plans call for no expansion of training facilities in this country. Transfers from the Infantry and other branches whose previous training can be utilized in the Paratroops, like Field Artillery and Medics, will get six weeks at the Parachute School at Fort Benning, Ga., including four weeks of jump training and two weeks of small unit training, and then will be assigned to airborne units. Incidentally that extra $50 a month for EM and $100 for officers starts as soon as men start jump school. Men from other branches who have not had 13 weeks of Infantry basic training and whose skills are not of direct use to the Paratroops will get an eight-week conversion course besides jump school. All transfers will be in grade.

The War Manpower Commission is putting out a manual that puts a reverse on the Army Classification system. It shows what civilian jobs are related to various MOS numbers for men who are getting discharged. —YANK Washington Bureau

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Trinidad: Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

British Guiana: Sgt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. Joseph Koren.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

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camp news

Being 62 Days Late Wins 'Decoration' for Flyers

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla.—When S/Sgts. Lawrence Abbott and Robert Owen returned to their overseas base 62 days late, the book wasn't thrown at them. Instead they were decorated with the newest, though unofficial, badge of distinction—the emblem of the U. S. Late Arrival Club [*left*].

The sergeants, now assigned to the Medical Air Evacuation Transport Sq. here, were flying to the front with an evacuation party that included 13 Army nurses when their plane was caught in a violent electrical storm and was forced down in enemy territory. By means they are not able to reveal now for security reasons, the sergeants found their way back to Allied Headquarters.

Upon their arrival, each was presented with a USLAC emblem, which is in the shape of a boot with wings.

The U. S. Late Arrival Club was formed by AAF men in North Africa. Its membership is limited to those who have "walked back" after being forced down in enemy territory.

They "walked back": T-3 Robert Owen and T-3 Lawrence Abbott.

Pop Is a Paratrooper at 55

Fort Benning, Ga.—Sgt. Charles E. (Pop) Burt, 55, is believed to be the oldest paratrooper in any army. Pop had to do some talking to get in the Army two years ago, but talking himself into the role of a paratrooper was even tougher.

Pop came into the service on Apr. 14, 1942, and was later assigned to the Parachute Infantry as a cook. "I knew I was too damn old to go through parachute training," he says, "but the enthusiasm these young troopers had for their job got under my skin, and I wanted to make a jump, too.

"When our outfit arrived in Casablanca I began pestering my company commander. On my first plane ride, from Casablanca to Kairouan, I kept thinking what a thrill it would be to jump, and as soon as we landed I got after the CO again. Finally he got tired and asked the regimental commander to let me jump. Permission didn't come right away, but one day I was told I could go along with the boys on our first mission to Sicily."

Pop's cooking took it on the chin from there on. He had to attend training classes, familiarize himself with the terrain where the paratroopers were to land, the tactics to be used and the purpose of the landings. Then came Pop's second plane ride, this time to Sicily, on his first combat mission.

It was a rough ride, and Pop was one of many who got sick on the way. "I guess it was a good thing," Burt says, "because it didn't leave me much time for worrying about the jump. When orders came to stand up and hook up, it was a relief to know I was getting out of the bucking ship. I jumped No. 4."

Pop Burt's first combat jump was not a signal success for him. In landing, he came down on a rock and broke three bones in his foot. "I had traded my skillet for a carbine," he said, "but it was comforting. I spent the next 16 hours in enemy territory alone. The following afternoon I managed to reach an aid station from which I was evacuated to Gela and later was returned back to the United States by way of Oran."

Sgt. Burt has had 13 years of Army service over a period of 37 years. He first enlisted on July 30, 1906, and served with the 13th Cavalry at Fort Sill, Okla. There followed a hitch in the 5th Cavalry at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, patrol duty on the Mexican border with the 12th Cavalry and service with the 1st Division Train during the first World War. He was with the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany, for about 11 months before he returned home. He remained a civilian for the next 22 years.

He is now with Company B, 1st Parachute Training Regiment, at the Parachute School.

MELODY IN GI

Camp Shelby, Miss.—T-5 Horace McNab was called up before the CO and given a direct order to get a GI haircut. "But, sir," pleaded McNab, "I'm going to New York next week on my furlough and I'd like to look human, at least."

"Do you want to look like a violin player?" acidly asked the CO.

"Not exactly," replied the exasperated McNab, "but I'd like to look as if I could at least read music."

Hero in Refueling Blaze

Homestead Army Air Field, Fla.—Quick action by Cpl. Robert E. Smith, truck driver for the Supply and Service Unit, probably saved the life of a fellow soldier and prevented the destruction of a C-87 cargo plane. Smith was standing by watching refueling operations when fire broke out in the rear of a fuel truck and threatened to jump over to the big plane.

S/Sgt. Conrad Echrote, crew chief of the 2d OTU, was on top of the plane, holding the gas nozzle, when the flames reached their high point. It was then that Smith jumped into the cab of the flaming vehicle and drove it away from the plane.

Several men on the scene fought the blaze with hand extinguishers until the base fire department arrived to take over.

The Uneager Beaver

DeRidder Army Air Base, La.—The pfc was left in charge of the 40-man drill squad. The sergeant had pulled him out of line and told him to take over.

"I got to go," the sergeant said. "You drill 'em until I get back. You're in charge."

There were four sergeants in the 40-man group. When a messenger came from headquarters with a request for a four-man detail, the pfc acted promptly. He picked the four sergeants, despite their objections and threats.

They had to dig a drainage ditch for the chaplain. They griped to the sky pilot, who went to their CO, who in turn called in the drill sergeant. He admitted having put the pfc in charge.

When the pfc faced the CO a little later, he was patently fearful that his lone stripe would go winging, that he'd probably never get another one and that the sergeants had him—but good.

"Were you the one who pulled out the four sergeants for a detail?" the CO asked. The pfc admitted he was. The CO extended his hand and said: "Congratulations. I just wanted to shake the hand of an uneager beaver."

—Pvt. ROBERT YEAGER

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STRATO GUN. Strange patterns light the sky at Camp Davis, N. C., as a battery of 120-mm AA guns fire during night practice. The gun has a vertical range 20,000 feet higher than any other and can fire shells into the stratosphere.

INDIAN EYE. Carpio Martinez *(right)*, ex-governor of San Juan Pueblo, lines up a target next to Lt. A. Gasparovich. Martinez and other Indians toured Kirtland Field, N. Mex., and admired small arms, especially the tommy gun.

To the Point

Camp Livingston, La.—Pvt. B. I. Magdovitz of Oil City, Pa., won the $25 first prize offered by *Communique*, the camp paper, for the best piece on the subject, "Why I Am Proud of the WAC." Magdovitz's reasons were contained in only 42 words:

"No nylons, no nuthin'—just GI miseries. And no draft board to 'encourage' them. What else could a fellow feel toward gals like that than pride? Betty'll come marching home beside Johnny, head high and chin out, 'cause she's doing her job."

Second prize winner was T-5 Bernard F. Finnerty of Lawrence, Mass. Runners-up were Pvt. Saul Weber of West Hartford, Conn., and Pvt. Edward Jaffee of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The War Goes On

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—Three Class B prisoners, with an armed guard behind them, started across the road when a GI truck bore down on them. It was obvious that the truck was about to pass between the prisoners and the guard.

One of the prisoners stepped out of line and halted the truck. "Don't you know," he yelled at the driver, "that you're not supposed to come between us and our guard?" Then the prisoner turned and beckoned to the guard. "Come on, guard," he said.

The guard double-timed across the road, took his place behind the line of prisoners and the detail proceeded. The truck went on. Everything was okay with the war again.

—S/Sgt. WILLIAM D. THORP

Anchor Away

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—T-5 Everette T. Bryant of Clinton, S. C., and some of his buddies from the headquarters area went off on a fishing trip into the Gulf of Mexico. Their vehicle was a landing craft used for training purposes at this Gulf Training Center.

When they reached an apparently good spot for fishing, someone told Bryant to toss the anchor over side. Bryant complied. The only trouble was that the anchor was not attached to any line. T-5 Bryant signed a statement of charges.

"GI Joe" It Is

Fort McClellan, Ala.—"GI Joe" is here to stay. That's the word from the judges in the post paper's contest to find a name suitable for the American infantryman of this war. Hundreds of suggestions poured into the office of the *Cycle* after that paper announced the contest some weeks ago, but not a one was deemed suitable to replace "GI Joe."

Civilians and soldiers throughout the country and men stationed in the South Pacific, England, Ireland, Italy and North Africa sent in suggestions. Some of the names offered were "hell-busters," "gloryboys" and "Kellymen."

This One Got Away

Daniel Field, Ga.—Pvt. John T. Morrison's request for a three-day pass was somewhat unusual and certainly frank. He baited his CO with the following:

"A report on the fishing situation informs me that the fish are biting good. These fish don't bite any time you get a three-day pass, but they are biting now.

"My boat has been freshly painted, and I want a chance to use it before barnacles make it shabby again. This is the best excuse I can think of, as a fisherman who really misses his fishing.

"My address while fishing will be on Bull River at Fripp's Point, 15 miles from Bluffton, S. C. I respectfully request a three-day pass."

The CO bit.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Cooke, Calif.—As he handed Sgt. Harold O. Vogler a pre-marital physical-examination certificate, the medical officer remarked: "So you're getting married." "No, sir, not necessarily," answered Vogler. "I'm going on furlough, and I thought I'd like to take this along—just in case."

Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex.—Pvt. Robert Carroll of Philadelphia, Pa., is an aerial-gunnery student here in the heart of the Rio Grande citrus belt. Recently he received an express package from home. It contained a half-bushel of oranges.

Santa Ana Army Air Base, Calif.—Pvt. Constantino Sebben, not long in this country from Italy, was asked by Pvt. Patsy Senatore why he came to the United States. It was not for the big money to be made here, or because of a girl back in the old country. He had come here to keep out of the Army.

Robins Field, Ga.—T/Sgt. John W. Brown of the 4905th Base Unit was finally dragged out of the swimming pool after he had floundered around inexpertly and seemed on the verge of drowning. Incidentally, the "W" in his name stands for "Weismuller."

Biggs Field, Tex.—An unnamed corporal returned from pass one night with a package that he quickly hid in his foot locker. When the inspecting officer found the package next day, he asked: "What's the meaning of this, corporal?" "My wife's expecting a baby," the GI answered. He opened the package and showed the contents: blue and pink baby clothes.

Camp Beale, Calif.—The DEML section here has a happy corporal, and the Oregon Legislature has a new member. He is Cpl. John S. Steelhammer, who recently was elected to his fourth term in the legislative assembly. Steelhammer was first elected to office in 1939 and so became, at the age of 29, the youngest member of the Legislature.

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. George Petrocy, an entertainment-program director for the SSO, came to the aid of a GI's wife when she wandered into his office. She was looking for a private place to change her baby's diapers. Petrocy cleared his desk and held the pins for her while the change was made.

Langley Field, Va.—Sgt. W. T. Lobel has hit upon a novel idea to encourage his civilian friends to write to him and at the same time keep up their morale. With each reply, Lobel encloses several pieces of hard-to-get (for civilians) chewing gum.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Nurses and medics of Ward 119 at the station hospital ran into a little confusion every time they called for Pvt. Coffy. Both Pvts. Oddo Coffy and Francis Coffy would answer. Now they call for Coffy, "with" or "without."

Camp Pickett, Va.—Cpl. Lewis H. Applegarth of Cadiz, Ohio, received a letter from a girl who, he feels, is taking the security admonition to "button your lip" too seriously. Her letter said simply: "I'll be in town for the week end." Now Cpl. Applegarth wants to know: What town? What week end? And who's the girl?

CONSEQUENCES. Pvt. Ned Briganti is all decked out to give a hula-dance pay-off as the "consequences" in a quiz show at Camp Tyson, Tenn.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Which is which? Pvt. Cleo Yount *(right)* is the mother; Pvt. Avis Larson *(left)*, the daughter, at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

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BOOKS IN WARTIME

THESE are the 30 titles in the ninth or "I" series of the Armed Service Editions, the pocket-sized paper-bound books published monthly for GIs overseas by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 91,000 copies of each title in this series, an increase of 8,000 copies per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 69,000 copies of each title, the Navy 20,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 2,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

I-241 AVALANCHE *By Kay Boyle*
Highly readable story of contemporary love and espionage in the French Alps.

I-242 SEMPER FIDELIS *By Keith Ayling*
A well-done history of the U. S. Marine Corps.

I-243 MR. AND MRS. CUGAT *By Isabel Scott Rorick*
Amusing account of the life, loves and sundry problems of the newly married.

I-244 OLD MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN *By Roark Bradford*
The Negro Bible stories on which "The Green Pastures" was based.

I-245 MYSTERY OF THE RED TRIANGLE *By W. C. Tuttle*
Another western about a guy named Hashknife.

I-246 WE FOLLOWED OUR HEARTS TO HOLLYWOOD *By Emily Kimbrough*
Two middle-aged Alices in the Movie Wonderland.

I-247 DESERTS ON THE MARCH *By Paul B. Sears*
An account of man's usually unsuccessful attempts to conquer nature.

I-248 ROGUE MALE *By Geoffrey Household*
Excellent adventure story of a big-game hunter who sets out to get Hitler and is hunted himself.

I-249 HIGH TENSION *By William W. Haines*
Stringing electric wire, too, can be interesting.

I-250 THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS *By Bruce Barton*
An advertising man puts the Bible on a paying basis; most readers will prefer the King James or Douay version.

I-251 STAGECOACH KINGDOM *By Harry Sinclair Drago*
Fiction based on the life of Ben Halliday, the stagecoach magnate of the Old West.

I-252 STORIES BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD *Selected by J. Middleton Murry*
And very good stories, at that.

I-253 THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE *By James Thurber*
Sketches and stories by a master American humorist.

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A horse epic about Wyoming in the 1880s.

I-255 ARIZONA *By Clarence Budington Kelland*
A horse epic about a woman stranded away out that.

I-256 COW BY THE TAIL *By Jesse James Benton*
A horse epic in the form of a Western autobiography.

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All the great American prize fights up to late 1943 and the careers of the great American prize fighters.

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Exciting story of love and villainy in the East Indies.

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A dowager looks back over 84 years of hell-raising.

I-266 THE SEA HAWK *By Rafael Sabatini*
An English gentleman becomes a Barbary pirate.

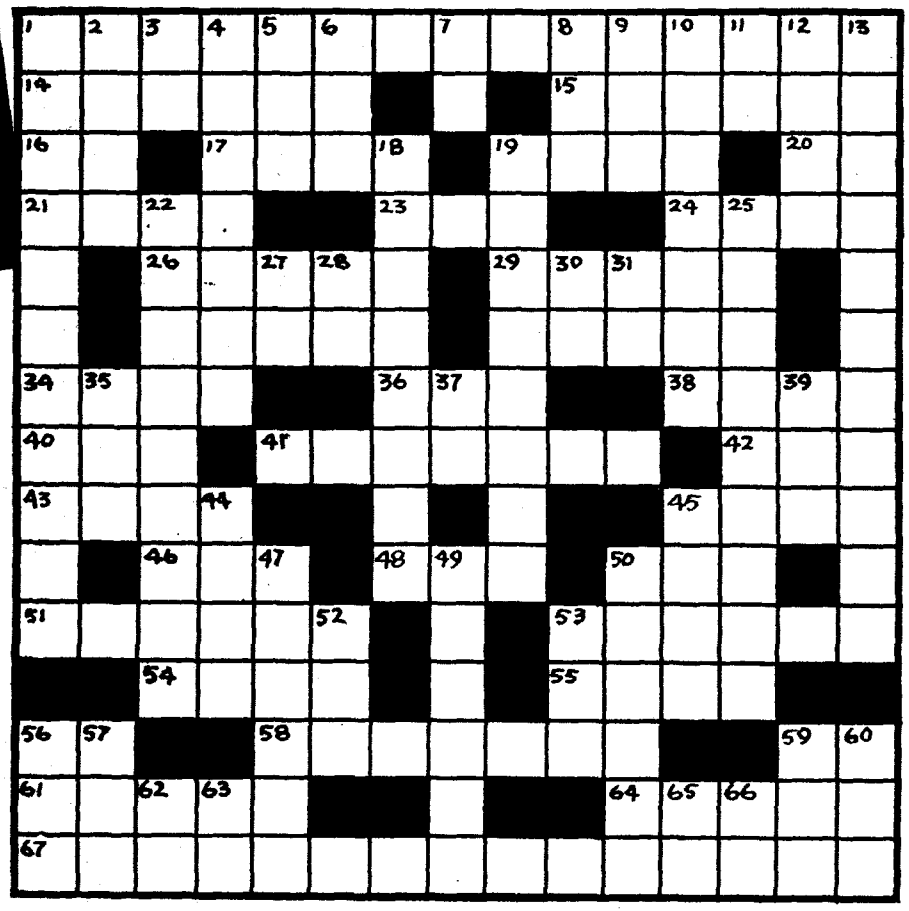
I-267 HONEY IN THE HORN *By H. L. Davis*
Oregon country during the days of the homesteaders.

I-268 JANE EYRE *By Charlotte Bronte*
The perennially popular story about the little English governess and the man of the house.

I-269 PARADISE *By Esther Forbes*
Historical novel of 17th century Massachusetts.

I-270 MY SON, MY SON! *By Howard Spring*
Rather heavy dose of the old father-and-son story.

YANK CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Living at the same time
14. Electrical unit
15. Deflect
16. The old man
17. Rip
19. To have rank
20. The rules you live by
21. Persia
23. Diamonds (slang)
24. Cleopatra's old swimming hole
26. Baseball teams
29. Guttersnipe
32. These run best in cold weather
33. Employing
34. The touch system produces this
36. Cockney howl
38. Chief mineral in spinach
40. Priest's vestment
41. Cut loose
42. Kind of tree
43. Abound
45. One of the hawks
46. Once around the track
48. Compass point
50. A big clock
51. Yellowish
53. The folds of a collar
54. Diminutive ending
55. Oklahoma town
56. Half a crew
58. Georgia's capital
59. Early times
61. Slang
64. Finer
67. In ratio

DOWN
1. Surrenders
2. The tent maker
3. Notary Public
4. A set of three
5. Before
6. Males
7. In contact with
8. Girl from Decatur
9. Louse egg
10. Between afternoon & night
11. Old English
12. Russian mountains
13. Toughens
18. Disintegrate
19. Govern
22. Girl's name
25. Deep-seated
27. Nova Scotia
28. You can do this with ease
30. For instance
31. Military Intelligence
35. What's inside of holes
37. You and I
39. Center of a blister
44. Grain steeped in water
45. French military hat
47. Tuber
49. Fancy sausage
50. Tropical fruit
52. Soaked
53. Allow
56. Outdo
57. Readin', 'ritin' & 'rithmetic
59. Babylonian god
60. Shout
62. Proceed
63. Observation post
65. Neuter
66. Corps of Engineers

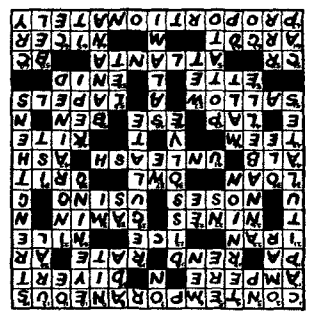
FROM Dublin to Hollywood is a long jump, but Angela Greene made it without getting her feet wet. The Irish lass is now a Warner Bros. starlet after letting New York ogle her as a Powers model and a musical comedy actress ("Early to Bed"). This picture was made at Manhattan's Stage Door Canteen. Her latest movie: "Rhapsody in Blue."

A MAN has 25 quarters, all identical in weight except one, which is counterfeit and lighter than the rest. He owns a very accurate set of balance scales, with which he wants to locate the counterfeit coin.

The problem is to find out the smallest number of weighings he needs to make in order to discover which of the coins is the counterfeit one.

Can you figure it out?

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS



BALANCING ACT. Three weighings, thus: 1) Place eight coins on one side of the scales, eight on the other. If one side is lighter, the counterfeit is there. If both sides balance, the phony is in the nine that are not on the scales. 2) Take the group of coins that contains the counterfeit. Put any three coins on each side of the scales. If one side is lighter, the counterfeit is there. If the sides balance, the counterfeit is among the remaining coins not on the scales. 3) Take the group containing the counterfeit. Put one coin on each side of the scales. Either the lighter coin shows up on the scales or it is the one that is left on the table.

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PX

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"Hurry! Hurry!"
—Cpl. Raymond Favata, Camp Lee, Va.

Review

THE GOVERNOR surreptitiously wiped the perspiration from the back of his hands and glanced at the general from the corner of his eye. The general's expression was still cool and stiff, but his shirt hung wetly on his back and each time he saluted a dark splotch showed under his arm. The band reached the end of the piece and started repeating it for the fifth time.

The governor wondered if he had said the right things to the troops, but then he decided that they probably didn't give a damn anyway. Looking out at the drenched figures trying to look snappy under the scorching sun, the governor was suddenly glad that he was 54 years old. The band held a long brassy note as the last of the dusty troops marched from the field. The air was beginning to reek with the smell of sweating men.

The governor relaxed and said something complimentary to the general. At the rear of the stand a reporter wrote in a notebook: "Today an impressive review . . ."

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. —Pfc. FRANK FAIR

DATE FOR A UNIFORM

They run the race of female gender
From sweatered chick, for week-end bender,
To Junior Leaguer, strictly class,
Who only plays the higher brass.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —Pvt. GENE WIERBACH

D DAY

"What did you do on D Day, Daddy?"
I'm thinking of the little laddie
Who, perched upon my post-war knee,
Asks this question then of me.
And I will say, with visage green:
"I was cleaning the latrine."

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Cpl. MARV LORE

STORM LOVE

When the wind rose and bent the slender trees,
And lightning gave life to the driven clouds
With delicate veins of fire;
You seemed to draw the passion of the storm
Into yourself.

The rain,
The quietly insistent rain,
Was all the sound we heard.
And I kissed your young mouth,
Young with desire and bewilderment,
And saw briefly your green-flecked,
Swimming eyes in the momentary spurt of
A match flame.

Next day in sunlight you were changed again.
You said, "It was the rainstorm."
Perhaps it was; and I could wish
My life be spent in everlasting storms
Of freshening wind and fire-flash
And running rain
If such things made you love.

Maxton AAB, N. C. —Sgt. PHILIP R. BENJAMIN

CHOW-LINE SERENADE

I sing of the fellow who serves me my food
And the way he dumps cake on my pork.
Such finesse—it's a dream! What an artist supreme!
Did he learn at the Waldorf or the Stork?

Not a surgeon can equal his delicate touch
As he sprinkles baked beans on my pie.
With one swallowlike swoop my dessert's in my soup—
How unerring, how steady his eye!

Like your salad with gravy? Or stew on your fruit?
He will fill up your tray to the brim.
So, three cheers and a bow for this maestro of chow!
For they named the word "mess" after him!

Truax Field, Wis. —Pvt. ARNOLD M. AUERBACH

Conversation Piece

YOU know how all the GIs give out with the wisecracks when buying stuff at the PX. Jake was no different; he just loved to needle the PX cuties. One day he bought four tubes of toothpaste just so he could talk with one particularly desirable cutie. Usually he never bought more than two.

This certain time he happened to go over to where Fay was working. Fay was a redhead and, as far as I know, she still is. She was a beautiful redhead, too, but then I'm partial to redheads.

Jake pounded on the counter. "Give me a little service," he demanded.

"Very little," snapped Fay. "Whaddya want?"

Jake coughed. "I want something for my throat."

"I'm sorry, but we are all out of razor blades."

"That is rather a sharp statement," said Jake. "But let us cut the comedy. I came here with serious intent." He smiled as he reached across the counter and held her hands. "What are you doing Saturday night, honey?"

"Why — why I'm not doing a thing Saturday night," Fay said, expectantly.

"Well then, can I borrow your soap?"

"Oh you—you—," Fay stammered, at loss for words.

"Let's not bring personalities into this," said Jake. "I don't make disparaging remarks about you. As a matter of fact I think I could even marry someone like you."

"You could—really?" Fay said, a smile curling her lips.

"Yes, as long as that someone wasn't too much like you."

"Is that so!" said Fay with indignation. "I'll have you know the man who marries me will get a prize!"

"What's the prize?" asked Jake. "I might be tempted."

"Humph," said Fay, "you are the last man on earth I'd marry."

Jake winked slyly. "If I were the last man on earth I wouldn't get married."

"And besides," Fay continued, "the man that marries me will need plenty of money."

"That's me, kid," snapped Jake. "Nobody needs money more than I do."

"Oh, you are so funny and so bright," said Fay, with fire in her eyes. "I bet you are so bright your mother calls you son."

"I'm no dummy," explained Jake. "My parents gave me $5,000 to spend on my education."

"What did you do with the money?"

"That's the last straw that broke the camel's back," said Jake. "Before I go, I'd like to say I had a most enjoyable evening—but I won't because I didn't."

"Good night," said Fay.

"Before I go, give me a bottle of that green stuff," Jake said, pointing to a bottle on the shelf.

Fay handed Jake the bottle and watched in amazed horror as he gulped it down. "Do you realize that was hair tonic?" she gasped.

"Hair tonic!" shrieked Jake. "I thought it was shampoo!"

Kearney AAF, Nebr. —Pfc. JOHN SHALTIS

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SPORTS: MEET DANNY GARDELLA, THE SUPER SCREWBALL

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

EARLY this season when the New York Giants were stricken with a series of casualties, Mel Ott called up Danny Gardella from Jersey City and stuck him in rightfield. Everybody said Ott was crazy.

"Imagine," they said, "bringing up a shipyard worker to understudy the great Ott. Baseball is going to hell, sure."

Maybe Ott was crazy, but he was gambling on what Joe Birmingham, the old Cleveland outfielder, had told him this spring: "If you don't grab this kid Gardella you're nuts. He's a screwball, but he may develop into a real ball player." Birmingham had coached Desperate Danny at the Bronx (N. Y.) Consolidated shipyards, was impressed with the kid's natural hitting ability. Ott signed Gardella, shipped him over the river to Jersey City, and then promptly forgot about him until injuries started to wreck the Giants on their western road trip.

Danny had the misfortune to make his major-league debut against Rip Sewell, Pittsburgh's ephus-ball specialist. Sewell was blowing hotter than a blast furnace and Gardella couldn't do any more with his sneaky ephus than anybody else on the Giants. But Danny didn't feel too badly. He kept the outfield humming with his chatter and acted like he had been in the big leagues all his life. And when Sewell dropped him to the dust with a fast one, he picked himself up gracefully and shouted to Ott: "See, Frisch is afraid of me already."

Gardella wasn't fooling anybody with this act. He was the rawest rookie the Pirates or anybody else ever saw, and his fielding was something out of this world. On one play he would make a daring one-handed stab of a line drive and on the next he would try to surround a fly ball and strangle it to death. Once, while the Pirates were at bat, Danny paused to adjust his pants. He edged toward the privacy of the foul line and, with his glove under his arm, started to unfasten his belt when Jim Russell shot a line drive against the leftfield wall. Danny grabbed his glove in one hand and his pants in the other and dashed after the ball. Then in rabbit-like succession he retrieved the ball, threw to second and made a sensational catch of his pants before they could fall to his knees.

When the Giants moved to Chicago, Danny was assigned to the sunfield. He had never before worn a pair of sun glasses, and Johnny Rucker had to show him how to tap them down into place from the forehead when a fly ball came his way. The first time Danny tried it he tapped the glasses so hard that not only the glasses but his cap dropped down over his eyes and he staggered around blindly while the ball fell just in front of him.

So far Gardella has been everything Joe Birmingham said he would be. He is a real gold-plated screwball and the Polo Grounds fans, especially those from Daniel's native Bronx, are nuts about him. They have named the grandstand behind leftfield "Gardella's Gardens" in his honor and proudly display banners with "Gardella" splashed all over them. To most of his admiring public, he is affectionately known as "Gardenia."

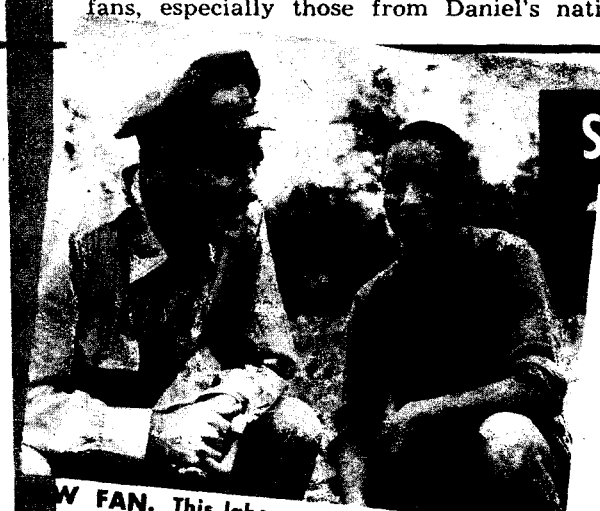
Although Danny is probably the world's most unpredictable fielder, he is a powerful long ball slugger. He has been hitting at a lusty .300 clip and has already whacked six home runs, two of which broke up the games. When he joined the Giants he drove in so many runs that Ott stayed on third base for a week. And when Mel finally realized that his legs couldn't stand the gaff at third, Gardella moved over to leftfield to alternate with Joe Medwick.

DESPERATE DANNY is 24, but he's had a lifetime of adventure. He once had ambitions to become middleweight champion and got as far as the quarter-finals of a Golden Glove tournament before he was knocked out. According to Danny, he would have won if he hadn't fought two men the night before and knocked them both out. It sapped his strength, he says. He broke into baseball in 1938 with the Detroit farm system and for three years kicked around in such bush leagues as the Mountain State, Northeast Arkansas, Kitty and Coastal Plains until the manager at Wilson, N. C., took him aside and told him he would never be a ball player.

Gardella believed him and went to work at the Hotel New Yorker as an elevator operator, later working himself up to the esteemed position of house dick. He might still be at the New Yorker if he hadn't accepted a dare to jump out of the window onto the top of an automobile belonging to one of the hotel's best-paying guests. From there Danny moved to the freight yards as a stevedore and then to the Consolidated shipyards where Joe Birmingham encouraged him to resume his baseball career. Last winter he started getting into shape by working in a gym as a physical instructor. His job was to help chorus girls reduce.

Danny has a rich baritone voice and thinks nothing of roaming streets in St. Louis or Chicago singing fine old operatic arias. In Pittsburgh he walked in on a group of high-school girls who were holding their prom in the hotel where the Giants were staying and started serenading them with the "Indian Love Call." The principal finally had to ask him to leave, explaining that the affair was strictly for young people. Danny was hurt.

On road trips Gardella carries books on psychology and quotes from them on the slightest provocation. He is always lecturing to Medwick, Melton and Lombardi on breaking down inhibitions and acting one's normal self. They listen out of courtesy but seldom take him seriously. They still remember the time in a diner when Danny startled them by picking up his hot cakes, laying them in the palm of his hand and buttering them as if they were a slice of bread. Then, mistaking the silver coffee pot for the syrup pitcher, poured coffee over the cakes and ate them rather than confess to his mistake.



W FAN. This laborer at a Superfortress base China probably never heard of Capt. Hank nberg, but he seems perfectly ...

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WHILE **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** was giving an impromptu show at a bomber base in England recently, a Fortress came limping in from Germany with two motors shot away and crashed on the edge of the field. Louis hurried to the wreckage and placed the head of a wounded flyer on his knee. When the flyer regained consciousness he looked up at Louis and said: "Well I'll be damned—Joe Louis." The flyer had never seen Joe before. . . . What's this we hear about a Third Air Force football team being formed at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C., with **Capt. Quin Decker,** former Centre College coach, handling the squad? . . . **Comdr. Gene Tunney** is now touring Navy bases in Latin America. . . . **Brig. Gen. Blondie Saunders,** who led the Superfortress raid over Japan, never saw a lacrosse game until he entered West Point, then made the first team for three years running. He was also a bang-up tackle on the football team. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** has left the ORD, Greensboro, N.C., for an undisclosed destination.

Decorated: **Lt. (jg) Whizzer White,** Colorado's All-American halfback who later starred with the Detroit Lions, with the Bronze Star for his courageous service with the "Little Beavers" destroyer squadron in the South Pacific. . . . *Commissioned:* **Casimir Myslinski,** West Point's football captain and All-American center, as a second lieutenant in the AAF. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Bob Carpenter,** one-time Giant pitcher, to sergeant at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Bill Johnson,** ex-Yankee third baseman, by the Navy; **Buddy Keer,** Giant shortstop, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Jeff Heath,** slugging .327 Cleveland outfielder, because of a bad knee.

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"SINGLE." —Pvt. Thomas Flannery

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—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WHO WAS MY ORDERLY DURING LAST NIGHT'S EVACUATION?"
—Cpl. Jack Doherty

"AND WHERE WERE *YOU* FOR BED CHECK!"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

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